

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA.

NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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Death, the Deceiver.

NOBODY doubts it, no sane person will deny it, we all agree that Death is certain. Yet shoulder to shoulder with the truth of Death's certainty, stands the fact that Death is a deceiver.

The consumptive died when everybody thought he was recuperating; children are snatched from the home when least expected; the old do not expect Death,

Illustration. His skeleton form is covered by a traveller's robe; his bony feet are encased in riding boots; his skull shaded by a slouch hat. He prevents people looking at his eyeless sockets by drawing attention to other things. He says, "I am the great leveler: rich and poor are the same to me; all have to leave this world by my gate; I strip everybody of his possessions: the king of his crown, and the bargee of his staff; the rich of their gold, and the poor of their rags; the proud of their silks and satins; the learned of their books; the

He does not "even things up," but the real sorting out, the real distinction will be after death.

"I will give you rest," Death says to the sin-sick soul. The man puts the bullet through his brain, to be ushered into eternal unrest.

"I will cover your shame," Death says, and the girl leaps into the waters below to end her misery, only to find herself in perpetual despair.

"I will crown you with laurels and make your name a shining beacon," says Death, and the blood-thirsty warrior

a crushed mass of flesh and blood and bones, hundreds of feet below. And his soul — ?

"Not to-day," he whispered, although shaking with conviction, and the next morning the fog prevented him seeing the approaching express train—he was killed while crossing the track. And his soul — ?

"Not this week, but next week," the young girl said with a final effort. She wanted to "take in" just one more party, so long prepared for. Overheated through dancing, she caught the fatal disease, and died unsaved. AND HER SOUL ?



DEATH THE DECEIVER.

even when one foot is already in the grave; the young think him a long way off, and are taken most frequently.

Everybody knows they must die, few only realize the nearness of Death, few know him when he approaches, and less still are prepared to meet him.

Death prefers the young for his prey; children furnish the largest percentage of his victims. As life advances the death rate becomes severer, and comparatively few people see the three score and ten years the Psalmist sings of.

Death is a great deceiver. He comes mostly in disguise. Look at him in our

statesman of his power; the soldier of his sword; the gay of their pleasures; the gambler of his dice."

"Look here," he says. "I show you that a crown does not weigh more than a pipstick with me," and he holds the balance by its tongue instead of the ring—just like the arguments of the "no hell" preachers—and the fooled people clap, and laugh, and cheer. "That's sound sense for us," they cry, for they like to be fooled; for they like to hear things put just as they like them to BE.

But, it is all deception. Death does not inve all people alike, he only sifts them;

rushes into battle with Death on his swift horse behind him, mowing men down by the thousands and striking down their leader, who finds himself in outer darkness with a thousand ghosts cursing him.

Sinner, Death is a deceiver!

"Not to-night," said the devil to the convicted soul, and Death whispered, "Plenty of time yet." The next morning his mangled body was found underneath the street car. And his soul — ?

"Not this afternoon," he answered the Captain; at night when descending the shaft the chain broke, and he was found

Sinner, seek salvation to-day. Sin is the sting of death; have sin washed away, and so be able to join at Death's approach into the triumphant cry: "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Christian, now I'll turn to thee—I'll shout with thou do ? When thou dost the river see—How wilt thou do ?

To the Cross I then will cling. Shout, "O death, where is thy sting? Victory! victory! I will sing—That's how I'll do !

MODERN BOOK OF PROVERBS.

Collected by Solomon Small.

V.—SPANISH.

Another's care hangs by a hair.
He who sings frightens away illa.
Where there is mude there is no harm.
He who sows corns must go barefooted,
On the fool's beard everyone learns to slave.
If God is against you, the saints are of no use.
God works the cure, the doctor takes the fee.

The little birds have God for their caterer.
He who goes with wolves learns how to howl.

The fault is as great as he who commits it.
The wilf loses his teeth, but not his incisors.

When a fool has made up his mind the fust is over.
He is a fool that thinks that another does not think.

If you take a cat to bed do not complain of its claws.

The one-eyed man is a king in the country of the blind.

He who takes the wrong road must make his journey twice over.

Do not rejoice at my grief, for when mine is old your will be new.

That which a fool does at the end a wise man does at the beginning.

Bacchus (God of Drink) has drowned more men than Neptune (God of the Sea).

How to Sell War Crys.

What Two Cadets of the Winnipeg Training Garrison Say About It.

I.

When I first enter a place I walk in and say "Good-morning," and I ask in a kind way if they would buy a War Cry. Perhaps they will answer this way:

"No, I don't think I can afford to take on this time."

I say, "It's a very good War Cry this week, and has very nice reading; you'd better buy one this morning."

"Well, I guess I will take one."
I give them the War Cry and they give me the money.

Another one may say:
"I have more papers than I can read. I get the newspaper every day, and that's all the reading I need."

"Now try a Cry for once, and leave out one of the newspapers." I say.

"Well, I'll take one this week."
Sometimes I say, "I hope you will enjoy the reading."

Next week I come to the same place again and ask how he liked the War Cry.

"Oh, I like the reading very much. I'll take one this week."

Now some people will say, "Oh, I don't want any Salvation Army paper in my house, not if you gave it to me."

"Well," I say, "The Lord blesses you, brother, good-bye," and walk out.

Others buy them without any difficulty. I have found that if I make plain they don't like to refuse. I always say "Good-morning," and "Good-bye," and "Thank you," to those who buy the Cry.

Cadet Annie Hangen.

II.

In regard to the very important question of what is the best way to sell War Crys, I would say with my limited experience, that the most important thing to do is to pray a great deal about it before leaving home.

Pray that God will go with us, and that we will not sell the War Crys because we feel we must, and that our only object is to get rid of them, but because we love to sell the War Crys for the good they have done; and pray that not only the War Cry will be a blessing, but we ourselves will be a blessing to the people we meet. If we go trusting in Jesus and in the spirit of prayer, we shall have success.

We should also know ourselves—what the War Cry contains, because people often ask us what is in it.

Again, we must be pleasant and polite, and kind to everyone we meet, no matter what mean or unkind things they may say to us, we should give a kind "God bless you."—Cadet Myra Wilcox.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY

From Prince Edward Island.

Adjt. Criaghton and his aides left Charlottetown on Sunday afternoon, 4th Dec., for a Self-Denial tour, beginning with our outpost, Winsloe Road. Seemed as if prospects were rather discouraging, but the weather was fine, the roads dry, the splash, dash, carriage rocking at times like a ship, had to hold on or we might go. However, reached Winsloe all right, and ready for tea at our Brother Nunn's house. Prayed with dear Mrs. Nunn, and she told us of her blessed experience. Has lived for God, and is ready to obey the summons, "Come up higher."

A nice crowd gathered in the barracks. Adjt. and Mrs. Chapman, with Misses Chapman, attended the singing. Sister Childs accompanied her singing with autoharp—quite new in the country, and took splendidly. Our comrades were

a friend, who also got saved, had attended our meetings in town, when attending our meetings? Well, we were in this world, how many are saved by attending our meetings?

Visited one house in which four generations are living together in peace and harmony.

Night very dark, but off to Pleasant Valley Church, guided by Bro. Murray's lantern, where a good number had gathered, some coming two or three miles to attend the S. A. meeting.

Next afternoon left for Hunter River. Meeting there the night in quite a large Methodist Church, which was well filled, and best of all,

Three Young Girls Came Out

and gave their hearts to God. One of them said it was the song Sister Calder sang, which led her to decide to become a Christian.

Next day very cold, rough roads, but did some visiting and a little collecting. Left in the afternoon for New Glasgow. Arrangements had been made for meet-

Drove about 9 miles, reached home an hour after midnight, praising the Lord, well saved and glad to be used in His service. Surely we could exclaim, goodness and mercy followed us every step of the way, and feeling quite ready for just such another tour.—Mary F. Ellis.

Truths Well Clothed.

Every delay gives opportunity for disaster.—Napoleon.

The retrospect of life awarms with lost opportunities.—Sir H. Taylor.

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.—Ruskin.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sir Philip Sydney.

Want and sorrow are the wages that folly earns for itself.—Schubart.

When any calamity has been suffered the first thing to be remembered is how much has been escaped.—Johnson.

The great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.—Disraeli.

Doest thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Franklin.

The brave man wants no charms to encourage him to his duty, and the good man sears all warnings that would deter him from fulfilling it.—Butler.

"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear, and with a manly heart."—H. W. Longfellow.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do, and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that every day may be the last one, and that lost time is lost eternity.—Max. Muller.

Self-Denial at Montreal I.

The week preceding S.-D. was a very busy one, for the supply of printed matter was several thousand copies short, which deficiency had to be made good by collecting material and having it printed here. We had also to carefully subdivide the districts so that each section of the Corps would have an equal prospect of securing their respective targets. Some of the comrades assisted me considerably in this matter, by working night after night, until the whole business was finished.

When Self-Denial Week arrived, every comrade was ready, and apparently full of faith that the target of \$500 would be secured.

They were prepared to do their individual share towards securing it, hence my mind was fully satisfied that VICTORY was ours.

On Thursday evening, Dec. 1st, the returns were brought in by those who could do so, and I was more than grateful to my soldiers for the startling result of their efforts.

Montreal brass band have a record of 1850, and I was anxious to have them to have any special attachments to the band for Self-Denial collections, yet I found that the returns for Self-Denial in

1850, was 13 bandmen, \$138.62.

1850, was 12 bandmen, 171.83.

1850, was 11 bandmen, 163.00.

Numbering them up, I found there were twelve who played instruments, and were not brass bandmen. I considered their previous effort, and decided to mark their target at \$155.

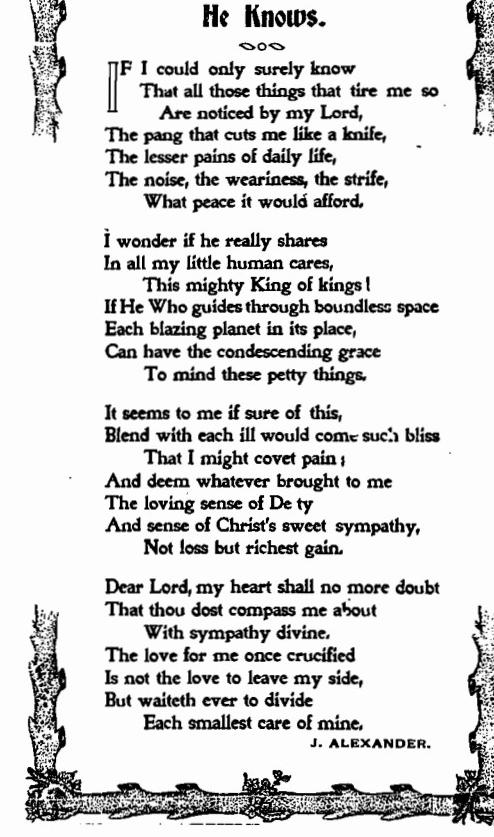
One of them was unable to do anything by reason of an accident, yet they contributed the magnificent sum of \$122.31, an average of nearly \$30 each. God bless them.

The Juniors did beautifully, coming to the front with \$140, which was \$5 above their target.

Mother Lewis is a wonder, with her untiring energy she was able to record for us the amount of her collections. There are others here who did well, but far too many for the Corp. to merit special mention of. Several friends assisted the rank and file to get their \$200, which made a splendid return.

We officers had a share in the fight, which gave us cause for our great rejoicing over the glorious victory.

The total return went over the target. To God we give the glory.—Geo. Burditt, Staff-Capt.



He Knows.

OOO

If I could only surely know
That all those things that tire me so
Are noticed by my Lord,
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The lesser pains of daily life,
The noise, the weariness, the strife,
What peace it would afford.

Iwonder if he really shares
In all my little human cares,
This mighty King of kings!
If He Who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place,
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things.

It seems to me if sure of this,
Blend with each ill would come such bliss
That I might covet pain;
And deem whatever brought to me
The loving sense of De ty
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
Not loss but richest gain.

Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt
That thou dost compass me about
With sympathy divine,
The love for me once crucified
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide
Each smallest care of mine.

J. ALEXANDER.

greatly cheered and smilens brought to consider their ways. Sad to say, none yielded.

Hoping and praying that frost might delay the road we looked for an early start in the morning, finding they had improved a little had an early start for Hunter River. Part way to our next appointment overtaken by a snow storm. Through the mud and snow reached Bro. Murray's, where we were received with open arms. It was deemed impossible to go to the hall, a mile away, so had a most enjoyable meeting in Sister Murray's dining room, a neighbor with her family, seven in all, joining us. The Lord indeed was on our side.

Next day visited several families, all delighted to see officers and soldiers of the S. A. Heard from a mother's lips that

Three of Her Seven Sons
had been converted in the Army. One, aged 18, died a glorious death. He with

ing in the Court House, which was nearly filled. In this meeting, as in the others, the claims of the Social Work, as well as the extension of the spiritual work, were brought before the people, the Adjutant giving statistics and incidents of the work in Canada, and the writer telling a little of what she had seen of the work in England, Ireland and Scotland. People seemed interested.

Next morning, bitterly cold, but bright, and after considerable jolting over

Frozen Mud for Fifteen Miles,
was glad to get out opposite the church and ask for admission at Mrs. McDougal's, Adjutant and Bro. Chappell on 2½ miles further to the home of one of our soldiers. We visited and prayed and several families in the afternoon, and a night meeting in the church. Splendid crowd, good collection. A great number standing up as a testimony that they were on the Lord's side.

"MARK OUT THE PATH."

Mark out the path our wayward feet
May tread,
When clouds and storm, and darkness
gather over head;
And through this tangled wilderness
ablate every tree,
Mark out the path, dear Lord, that leadeth
to Thee.

'Tis easy in the sunshine to be brave,
When smiles and favor greet us everywhere.
When little boats dinner lightly on the
wave,
And float their banners on the summer
air.

But, oh! amid the breakers to be cast,
Where dismal wrecks and angry billows
strew,
To suit before the fury of the blast,
God wants a stronger vessel and a
nobler crew.

Be with us, Lord, whatever may betide,
When skies are dark and not a star in
view,
When most assault us and when friends
desire,
Be ever near us, Lord, and keep us
true.

Andrew J. Smart.

FIRST STAGE.

HETHER much transplanting stunts some needs, this history will show. He was very small—that is, no larger than is usual after the wide experience of just two weeks, when migration began. Some bables would have died from the risk of the journey, but thus early George had not learned how to die, and instead, advanced well and flourished.

Fond fingers stroking the small brown pate discovered that rarely, a double crown, noticeable a few years later, and ever since, by a wayward wisp which resembled a tiny feather, came to rest on it to the level of his hair. The supposition that a double crown entitles the possessor to a life under more than one flag early held good with George Seeds. With the advanced wisdom of twelve months, he took his second fitting—this time over the cardigan.

Eight years in the Quaker State made up a boyhood which laid claim to one characteristic of the Society of Friends. Peace principles—if anybody stated that he knew better, he was a prodigal, and are the boys, amongst whom George Seeds is not included. Religion itself plays some important part in his numerous fights. George was an average unit in a big Protestant school. Far from home, he frequented the Catholic seminary not far away. Both schools were rampant with sectarianism. The smallest scholars were fired with furious zeal. What the fathers made much ado about in words, sons found out in deeds. One day, when some, who did not score a licking for an hour outside the gates of either's alma mater—in summer it was a hand-to-hand conflict—in winter a sharp shower of stoned snow-balls. In one scholar's ease, however, this vent to feeling has left behind it no latent animosity.

Union City was

Mischief's Canaan

flowing not with milk and honey, but with oil. The rows of cooper shops necessitated by the petroleum wells, which honeycombed the place, were sources of no small sport. An old barrel train, with barrels from the corner to the oil shop. To hop upon the hindmost and slide slowly from one to the other as they rolled, was glorious fun, save when some enemy tripped up the train half way down, and the slider and himself, his wind squeezed out, fell between.

But the oil itself made the most fascinating addition to all frolics. The fourth of July did not come round often enough, and a much minor event was sufficient excuse to blockade the streets with torch-light procession. Old fashioned sticks, commonly called "cat-tails," provided torches galore. If the profusion of half-extinguished torches somewhat endangered the town—well, Union City was nothing, if not loyal, and we suppose its police were willing to sacrifice something of safety to national sentiment.



But the most serious situation of oily fun on record resulted from an unaled exploit of George himself. He was on his way home from Sunday School, when the idea struck him to let him loose by breaking a little blaze. George had all a boy's scorn for small things, and the blaze soon became a big one. Before he was aware it had caught the surrounding brushwood, and more or less saturated with inflammable material, the flames spread, for although the spreading bonfire was on its outskirts, the whole town was in danger. Some hundred spades and shovels raised an earthwork to gainsay the encroaching line of flame, and thus saved the city. George was an unusually quiet witness of the exciting fight. As soon as possible he slunk home with would-be innocent air.

A Suggestive Strap

hanging in readiness on a chair, told that his father had also been on the spot. Some hours on other the origin of the fire leaked out, and for years George felt that the city never forgave the boyish prank.

An incident of April Fool Day cured all this. Some young flight of pigeons had descended over the city all day. The air was quite heavy with the brush of wings. A bird-snaring excursion to the woods was planned for the morrow. Six-year-old George and two younger brothers sailed forth in fine style, but they found no pigeons instead, something else found them. The something was a big brown thing running down one of the woodland paths toward them. As they looked, it seemed to grow bigger. "A bear—a bear!" screamed the scared trio, and raced for dear life. Their brown pursuer raced too, and three panting, terrified boys rushed at last in the Seeds' door, and slamming it behind them yelled again. "A bear—a bear!" And the bear went off to interview Bruin, but the bear proved to be only an inoffensive woodchuck.



"You dare me, do you?"

Least the impression should be left that George was a coward, here must follow another exploit, which shows him in his usual foohardy character. Splendid swimming facilities were within reach, and our hero, impelled by his natural propensity, will not be forgotten. Standing on the river bank, just above the mill dam, some boon companions "stumped" small seats, then only seven years old, to jumping out stretching a willow. "You dare me, do you?" was the retort, and with a bound here, and throwing off his boots, George jumped into over twenty feet of water. He had not any idea how to swim, and after the usual number of sinkings and risings, the latter ceased, and bye and bye the tell-tale bubbles bursting told that

George was Drowning.

The frightened onlooker dived in and brought the unconscious boy to

land. After an amount of punching and pumping, breath came again. Discretion delayed return home until his hair was dried. It was when George innocently asked his mother, "Does the door where my mother was ironing open?" he was greeted with—

"You precious boy, you might this moment be lying in a watery grave." Then, in the same breath, "You young rascal, all the end of us will bring you some day."

The family grocer's cart had been passing over the river bridge at the moment of George's engulfing, and after seeing him pull out, went off to the bridge, mounted the maw of the fatted, enforced a lesson of implicit obedience by a handful of birch switches. But the subject too sore a one to more than touch upon.



"A bare, bare bear I screamed the scared trio, and ran for dear life."

One more exploit of George's extraordinary—it nearly cost him his life. General Tom Thumb was then the prevailing excitement. One evening, when George was "minding house," a neighbor's boy asked the loan of a photograph of this diminutive hero. It was in his mind to rob George, but George, who had found it and went upstairs three steps at a time, glass lamp in hand, to get it. Returning with more haste than safety, he tripped his foot at the top stair and fell headlong. The light was extinguished, of course, and George, the lamp, and the photograph fell in

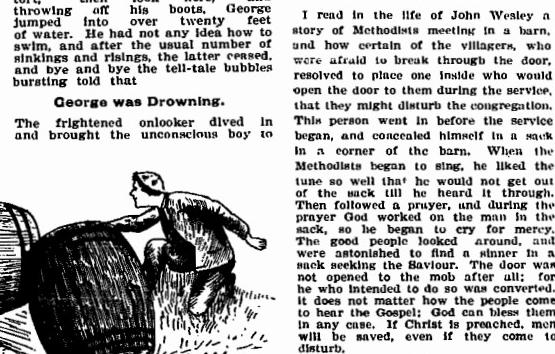
A Confused and Crushed Heap

on the floor. Feeling a little stunned, but with "flunking" the furthest from his mind, George hurried into the neighbor's with the photograph.

"Why, there's blood dripping from your sleeve," cried his friend's mother.

Rolling it up they found part of the lamp glass had broken. The woman pulled it out, and the blood gushed up with that fountain effect only produced when an artery is touched. In a few minutes George was speechless from loss of blood. All medical and surgical aid could have saved him. He lay and yawned, and, after some of the hairbreadth rescues that afterwards befell him, we can hardly call it in comparison, even a narrow escape.

(To be continued.)

THE MAN IN THE SACK.

I read in the life of John Wesley a story of Methodists meeting in a barn, and how certain of the villagers, who were afraid to break through the door, resolved to place one inside who would open the door to them during the service, that they might disturb the congregation. This person went in before the service began, and concealed himself in a sack in a corner of the barn. When the Methodists began to sing, he liked the tune so well that he would not get out of the sack till he heard it through. Then followed a prayer, and during the prayer God worked on the man in the sack, so he began to cry for mercy. The good people, seeing the sack, and were astonished to find a sinner inside, and seeking to save him. The door was not opened to the mob after all; for he who intended to do so was converted. It does not matter how the people come to hear the Gospel; God can bless them in any case. If Christ is preached, men will be saved, even if they come to disturb.

"... save when some enemy tripped up the train half way down, and the slider had half his wind squeezed out as he fell between."

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR CURRENT LITERATURE?

We are still in need of books, magazines, and good periodicals for the "Home Reading Room" of our various Reefs. The following list of contributions will be greatly appreciated if friends and sympathizers with the work will send any contributions of this character to the following addresses:

TORONTO.—Major Street, 61 Yonge St.; 1 Ave. LOndon.—Officer of Captain Cowan, Riverview St. JOHN, N. B.—Adj'tant-Jess 62 Ellett Rd. MONTREAL.—Adj'tant Johnson, 243 St. James St. HALIFAX.—Adj'tant G. W. Smith, 49 Hollis St. OTTAWA.—Adj'tant McDonald, 709 Wellington St. ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—Ensign Tovell, 20 Cook St. HAMILTON.—Adj'tant E. T. Langtry, 724 Fourth Ave. HELENA, Mont.—Adj'tant Walton, 603 Breckinridge St. WINNIPEG Man.—Adj'tant Major Jevor, 406 Yonge St.

—OR—

MRS. BRIGADIER READ, ALBERT ST., TORONTO.

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.—Walpole.



Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin Visit the Owen Sound District.

What a day, to be sure! how unpropitious the weather! In the city the snow lay many inches deep, the wind blew in strong blasts, which made the travellers' teeth and their poor limbs shiver. The strong wind hummed through the electric wires overhead, making a weird monotony, which at the same time carrying sleet and snow along in its wake. Surely it was not the best chosen day to start a twelve days' journey, but appointments had been made and they cannot be broken, snow or no snow.

ORANGEVILLE. Our train steamed in 25 minutes behind time, and what a sight met our eyes at the station. Snow piled on snow, in mounds, in heaps, in little mountains, while in the town there were three to four feet deep. We stopped at the way-side bar-tracks and found a company of people gathered around the stove endeavoring to get a little warmth. The audience was small, nevertheless we had a good meeting. Ensign Smith, the D. C. gave a real practical sermon, richly enjoyed, while the Brigadier's address was both instructive and inspiring. The collection was good, considering the small audience. Lieut. Fell had been struggling on alone and is doing his utmost to hold up his end. It was decided to hold meetings at several of the villages round about.

A Circle Corps.

FEVERSHAM. How we got there would be quite an interesting story if the writer's pen was able enough to describe the experience. We arrived at Flesherston station (which left us about 14 miles to go) at 12:30. Capt. Brant met us and said the roads were very bad, and snow drifts deep, would we care to risk the journey? "Certainly," said the people are expecting us and we have been invited. We were not going to disappoint them. Three of us climbed into Bro. Bett's cutter, and away we go, whirling through the snow, down the hill and past the village of Flesherston. By the time we reached the top of the hill, one mile and a half distant from the station, fingers and toes became somewhat inconvenient. Anyway, a good fire, a good dinner, and a right-down good word from the dear old people was quite cheering. A conversation about our various wife's belongings, and "here comes the stage," and hurry away, fur caps pulled right down over our ears, collars raised as high as it was possible to get them. The snow by this time was coming down in a blinding storm. All Mr. Brant did was to undress his harness and knew his horses, and away we go. The process was slow by reason of the deep snow and heavy drifts, but by 5:40 we reached Fesherham, to find in the streets of the village the snow was knee-deep. There were quite a number of soldiers from a distance had gathered prior to the meeting. A song and some prayer and Mrs. Gaskin, the Lieutenant and some soldiers are off in a sleigh to the bar-tracks. The Captain and the Brigadier were left behind to walk, ploughing through the snow up to their knees.

Crowd in Spite of Snow.

Bye-and-bye the hall is reached. We were scarcely expecting anybody present, but what a surprise it was to see a splendid crowd gathered and a red-hot prayer meeting in full swing at Fesherham. The Circle soldiers are of the robust, hearty, go-ahead, hallelujah, sing-about-and-do-anything-you-like - for Jesus type. They make you feel at home right away. You enjoy their company. You have a meeting with them, get out about the snow, the wind, and the cold. He had a magnificent meeting, rare, loving, and inspiring, and when it was over we felt quite prepared to face the snow and cold again. During the night the wind had increased, and the drifts had continued to grow. The drifts had become much deeper. Could we reach Flesherston station was a question at 5:30 a.m. when we arose. At 7 o'clock we are seated in Mr. Bruce's stage and off. For half a mile the horses struggled, the snow deeper, the horses plough through and we are all once again on the road. Hello, horses up to the back, sleigh half over, driver struggling to get the horses out, Mrs. Gaskin, who is in a snug holding on to the fence and seats himself on the few inches of wood on the top. The man drives the horses out after a desperate struggle, decides we cannot go through,

moral impossibility, down gets the Brigadier off the fence, struggles up to the waist in snow and gets onto the sleigh.

Turn Back!

The best possible must be made of a bad job. Here we are in Fesherham 14 miles from the nearest telegraph office, booked for Owen Sound, expected to arrive at 1:30 Saturday, cannot get any means of communication, so we settled ourselves down to do the best we could under the circumstances. Found it impossible to get to a meeting on Saturday night, snow too deep. By Sunday afternoon we had to go to the bar-tracks. Including officers, soldiers, congregation, and spectators, 13 of us wade up to the knees in snow to the meeting. We were amply repaid for our trouble, for God richly blessed us with a most glorious meeting. At night the congregation must have numbered nearly 50, and again we had a blessed meeting. Monday morning once more we attempt to get through the snow, and arrived, after a struggle, by 11:45 at Fesherston, after which we had to wait until late.

OWEN SOUND. We arrived here at 3 o'clock on Monday instead of 1:30 on Saturday, to find that soldiers had been down to the station to meet the last train. A return night with the big drama to welcome us and to return disappointed. However, we were pleased to learn from Ensign Smith that they had had splendid crowds and finnares, and souls in the Kingdom. By the way, the corps is in great shape and Ensign Smith and his soldiers have done really well. Soldiers' Roll has increased, and everything has gone up with a bound. War Cry sales are larger, and when

we start towards Chesley. But what a journey! We went at the magnificent rate of three miles an hour. It was with no little pleasure that we at last watched the horses trot over the bridge, and into the main street of the town, round the corner, and stop at the minister's. Ensign Smith and Brigadier rusted to the bone, with chattering teeth. However, a cup of tea and a couple of sandwiches soon put us into good shape again.

CHESLEY. Under the leadership of Capt. Copper and Lieut. Strong, this corps is getting along in fine shape, crowds increasing, souls getting saved and things generally booming. Considering the heavy snow storm that was falling at the time, a splendid crowd turned out in the open-air, and we had a most splendid audience indeed. The meeting went with a bang. Ensign Smith spoke with exceptional power and the Brigadier was in good form. The people alternately laughed and cried during his address, which proved a great blessing to everyone present. At the conclusion of the meeting there was a welcome banquet provided, to which a goodly number sat down.

At 7 o'clock Wednesday morning, seated in the sleigh once more, we start upon our journey. The snow was still falling and the roads could scarcely be seen 20 yards ahead of us. It was marvellous how we reached Tari at all, where dear Mr. Glover received us after three hours and twenty minutes driving. We drew up at his door and ran inside for shelter while the horses had a feed of oats.

Reminiscences.

While we waited, Mr. Glover told us a story of his early days. On one occasion when he was a young man, he walked 22 miles to lead a service, and then only two old maidens had gathered for the



CAPTAIN BARRAGER and LIEUT. STRONG.
Prince Albert, N.W.T.

say that they raised \$125 for Self-Denial that means quite a bit for Owen Sound.

Queer Fish.

The Brigadier had been announced to come and give an address on "Queer Fish," on Monday night, and a splendid crowd gathered, nearly filling the large hall. We had a rich time, tears flowed, conviction was deep, but we were too poor to claim about seeing any visible results. Mrs. Gaskin led the meeting on Thursday night and had a splendid spiritual time, with one soul at the Mercy Seat. The Brigadier, with Ensign Smith, started for Chesley at 8:30 Tuesday morning, traveling nearly 20 miles. Everything went as merry as a marriage bell the first 14 miles, this distance being covered in two hours and 45 minutes, but it was cold and we were glad to pull up at Gravenhurst. Glover and give the horses a feed and warm themselves. Dear Mr. Glover and his wife live alone. He is 87 years of age, and she 77. Mr. Glover was converted at the age of fifteen, and had been saved 73 years. Has been a Methodist local preacher for 60 years, I think it is, though now occasionally occupies the pulpit.

Saved at 5 a.m.

He tells the story, how one morning at five o'clock, he sought and found the Saviour, and became so unexpectedly happy in the love of his Lord that he knelt down and prayed three times on his way home. He had a horse, and over two men (one on either side of him) horse-whipped him alternately to try, as they said, "to knock religion out of him," but they failed. It did our souls good to talk with this dear old saint of God and his wife. Once again

meeting. He conducted his service, nobody asked him to have any food, so he tramped his weary way back again, 25 miles, on an empty stomach.

The following Sunday the minister went to preach, and finding his inside congregation small, commenced an open-air meeting, choosing a spot in the site a few stones. While the good man delivered the inspiring message the toughs covered him with refuse, threw stale eggs and stones at him. When he came home he told the story to Mr. Glover, saying, "You may go no more next Sunday, we will have to preach." He took his stand upon the heap of stones and a huge crowd, with angry looks gathered around. What was he to do? He sang his opening song and knelt down to pray. God came down in great power in the crowd, every saint rose from their knees, having been smitten down with the hand of God while he was praying. From that service a mighty revival broke out through the whole country side. The entire town was in an uproar, the doctors and keepers were very kind and gave us another invitation in the near future. God bless them all. Amen! -Bro. S. McFarlane, Reg. Cor.

(To be continued.)

The Army has secured a fine piece of property for a Rescue Home at Los Angeles.

The Army Hall in Lyons is situated within a few yards of the spot where President Carnot was assassinated.

Pacific Prayings.

After his pleasant tour with Colonel Margetta, the P. O. had the honor of tying the knot between our old and renowned friends, Andrew McFee and Sister Clara Myrtle Little, at Nelson, B.C. What a time we had, to be sure. But it will be reported by another.

Self-Denial is over and the Pacific has won a magnificent victory—overshot its target, and doing an average of \$131 per corps. God bless our brave officers and soldiers. *

Good news reaches us from all round. The Shelter is doing well. The Rescue Home at Spokane is full of girls.

The P. O. had the pleasure of conducting a week-end meetings at Lewiston, Idaho. Splendid times. Ten in all came forward seeking salvation and cleansing. Enrolled six recruits and dedicated two children. Mr. H. C. H. H. also announced to be present, but hindered on account of sickness at home. Capt. Hous and Cadet Long are meeting with good success.

Souls are getting saved. The following corps report conversions: Rosland, Kaslo, Lewiston, Spokane, Billings, Great Falls, Mt. Vernon and Nelson.

The war is going well in the Kootenay District. Rossland is forging ahead, also at Nelson Adj't. Edgecombe is happy. Revelstoke has had several souls of late.

The P. O. visits Kalispell, Great Falls and Helena. At the latter city there is to be a wedding. Who? Well, Adj't. Walton and Ensign Stanbury will be there, and others. Watch the War Cry.

We are having a few changes. Capt. Bowers is transferred East. Captain Brewerton, the Adj't. of the W.M.F.A., building at Bay Wharf for a barracks. Good hit. Sheard. Five applications for the Field have reached us this month.

Adj't. May has been on the sick list, also Mrs. Capt. Lucy continues in a very poor state of health. Adj't. Miller is convalescing. Adj't. Miller is expected back from her furlough about the middle of January. It is eight years since the Adj't.'s last visit to her home.

Cadets Brown and Stanley have been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. Capt. Sheard has joined the W.M.F.A. building at Bay Wharf for a barracks. Good hit. Sheard. Five applications for the Field have reached us this month.

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Ensign Stevens has landed at Spokane, and taken hold of the corps in good shape. She enjoyed her visit to Norway very much.

Ensign Ziebarth and her sisters, Clara and Mamie, have been granted a well-earned furlough at last.—T. H.

Lisgar St. Corps in the Asylum.

At the request of Dr. Clark, of the Asylum, the band and Juniors gave an entertainment at the Asylum which the inmates enjoyed very much, singing, by the enthusiastic way they clapped their hands. The children went through their dumb bell and bar bell exercises in true regulation style. There were about four hundred men and women present. This band played several selections. The sons and daughters of the inmates, the doctors and keepers were very kind and gave us another invitation in the near future. God bless them all. Amen! —Bro. S. McFarlane, Reg. Cor.

London Self-Denial.

"Give to Jesus glory," was the hearty song all day Sunday afternoon, Dec. 4th, when all the Self-Denial money was laid on the altar and over it waved our dear old flag.

The brass band has done well, they worked hard day and night. Father Armstrong, the drum-major, has beat all past records, coming in with \$117. Total raised by the band, \$204. God bless them.

Then the Juniors deserve a pat on the back. They collected \$6. Edna Page coming in first with \$32; Aileen Coombs second, \$35. They all did well. Fire a volley for the little ones.

The corps flag has been smashed. Total raised, \$25.16. We are happy and going on to greater victories.—T. Coombs, Adj't.

A Tie-Up

AT LIPPINCOTT STREET.

Brigadier Gaskin Conducted the Marriage Ceremony of Adjutant "Jim" Adams, of the Trade, and Captain Maggie L. Smith, of the C. O. P.

The pleasure of your company is requested at the marriage of
CAPTAIN MAGGIE L. SMITH

to

ADJUTANT JAMES ADAMS

at the Salvation Army barracks, Lippincott St., Toronto, on Tuesday, Dec. 20th, 1898, at 8 o'clock p.m.

In compliance with the above invitation I journeyed Lippincott-wards on Tuesday night, Dec. 20th, to see the great deed done. On my arrival at the barracks I found that the church had not yet arrived but the hall was well filled. Ere long you could hear the sound of a band, and in came the march headed by the Lippincott Brass Band. Major Hargrave lined out the first song and the meeting hall was stately when he led the interested couple, accompanied by Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, Ensign Turpin, who was best man, and Sister Smith, the Captain's sister. The song was forgotten for the moment, for who could allow such an occasion to pass without giving a cheer, a hearty hand, a shout of joy, or something of the kind.

The Brigadier called on Adj't. Stanyon to pray, and then—

"I'll follow the Saviour by day and by night,
I'll follow the Saviour, for He leadeth me aright."

was taken up by the audience and sang most heartily.

A few introductory words from the Brigadier followed. First, he said there was to be no tree thrown around as it was a sinful thing to do; and then the adjutor said, "Wifful waste is woful want. Second, there is to be no bowering.

The Brigadier read a portion of Scripture and then called on Major Hargrave to read the Article of Marriage, after which the intended couple were caused to step forth, which they did. Both answered at the proper time with "I will," in a clear and distinct voice. The Brigadier then pronounced them to be man and wife, and asked the audience to bow their heads while he prayed. After which the band favored us with a selection.

The Brigadier spoke a few words in reference to Adj't. and Mrs. Adams. He said, he seen the Adjutant a good many times, and he always seemed to be busy at something, and he believed him to be a real good fellow in every respect. He also said that if Solomon's wife had written any of the Proverbs she would have written thus: "Whoso findeth a husband findeth a good thing." Calling the audience and that if any had anything to do with it, they were all right. He had spent five days at the corps with Mrs. Adams, when she was Captain of the corps at Little Current, and he knew whereof he spoke when she said her O. R. The Brigadier also told of how when he wanted a supply for a few weeks during Self-Denial, how willingly she filled the gap, went in red-hot for S.-D., and scored a big victory.

Major Horn, who termed himself the Adjutant's "boss," spoke next. He was a tall, thin, dark man, but held truthfully any that he knew the Adjutant to be a real good fellow. Before sitting down he gave the Adjutant one of his sweet kisses.

The Adjutant said that he did not understand the Brigadier when he made reference to his size, and when he said that "Good goods were done up in small parcels." Because," said he, "when I buy good goods I like to get a good lot of them." He thanked the audience for their kind attention and the interest they had taken in hearing them. Continuing, he said, "I made up my mind some time ago that I would be present this evening, rain or shine." He knew there were red-letter days in everybody's life, and he thought he would not soon forget this one. He did give it off, however, in a lifetime, and was also glad because it was all over with. He wished the audience a Merry Christmas before sitting down. After a few words from Mrs. Adams Mrs. Gaskin and the Brigadier drew the meeting to a close.

After the meeting we sat down, at least about half of those present at the wedding did, to one of the final banquets that the writer has ever had the privilege to attend. Adj't. Deeslsey, Capt. Carlton and the Cadets and soldiers of Lippincott have worked hard to make the meeting a success. It was, and in spite of the night being wet, the hall was filled right up.—G. W. Peacock.



UNITED FOR SERVICE.



Toronto, Dec. 20,
1898.



ADJUTANT AND MRS. ADAMS.

The Human Heart.

In conversing with a friend the other day, she said to me, "You then believe in total depravity?"

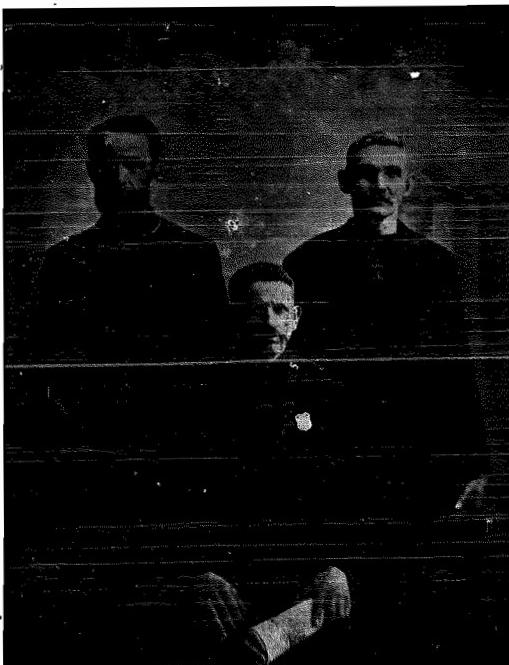
I replied, "Yes, assuredly I do. I believe that the human heart, in its unregenerated, unsaved state, is what God describes to be 'deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' and under provocation, capable of committing the very worst crimes that can be imagined, far exceeding even that of killing one's God. Look at the words of our Lord Himself in Mark vii, 'That which cometh out of the man that defileth the man. For within, out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, wickedness, concubinage, murders, thefts, covetousness, evil violence, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness. All these evil things come from within, and defile the man.'"

Oh, my unconvinced reader, will you see now if never before, that according to this statement you are in the terrible condition? Your heart is indeed unregenerated, it is a desperately wicked heart, at enmity against God, not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be in your present state. You are a child of wrath. You are exposed to the wrath of God Almighty. You are under the curse of the law, guilty, condemned, I, in bondage to the devil, and liable at any moment to drop into hell, into everlasting burning, and but for the long-suffering and mercy of God you would have been there ere this. But, oh, hailejubah!

God has provided a way of escape. Look, oh, look! You are nearly in the flames. But look, so near you can jump into His arms and be safe. But you must repent, confess and forsake all your sins, then the glorious promise in Ezekiel xxvii, will be yours, "With spring clean water will I wash you and you will be clean from all your filthiness and from all your idols. I will cleanse you, a new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you." You shall then bring forth the fruits of the spirit, "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Wonderful, wonderful change! Washed in the Blood of Jesus. A new creature, heart white, clean, pure, holy in the sight of God. And when this life is over you shall be permitted, nay commanded, to enter heaven, and shall have a right to the tree of life, and shall enter through the gates into the City.—M. F. Ellis.

The Eternal Cross.

"But all through life I see a Cross,
Where sons of God yield up their breath.
There is no goth except by loss,
There is no vice except by death.
There is no wisdom but by faith,
Nor glory but by bearing shame,
Nor justice but by taking blame;
And that which is eternally passion saith,
'Be emptied of glory, right and name.'" Walter C. Smith.



THE THREE MARKS OF PETERBORO.
Treasurer Mark Butcher, Color-Sergt. Mark Spender, Brother Mark Walnwright.

FLAGGING ZEAL.

Haggai 1. 2.

Haggai is the first of the three prophets sent to the Jews after their restoration to their own land. His brief message is given to arouse them to a task of which they had grown weary, the rebuilding of the House of God, begun very zealously 16 years before (when about 50,000 of them returned from captivity. It is

A Call to Work.

Their temple was typical in more than one way. It is a type, in its state in Haggai's time, of the temple spoken of in Eph. II. 14-22. This is an unfinished church, being built by human instrumentality. Its materials are men and women, hewn out of the quarry of the world, and fashioned into "living stones." These stones are of two substances, Jew and Gentile, never welded, together before, but now and their angle of meeting in Christ the Corner-stone.

God's work, however, Gentile and Jew respectively is indicated in Acts xv. 14-11, and Romans xi. 5, 23, 25. In Ephesians II, we have two elections coming together in order to form a church, they are elected to elect, and the Gentile church is not complete without the Jew.

Haggai's command to the Jews is "Go up and work," and his encouragement, "for I am with you." It is the same work, the same promise, and the same power for service that are given to us to-day. (Matt. xxviii, and Acts I.)

Who Are the Workers?

Priest, prince, and people—all the people, men and women (Haggai 2:4), is not one reason why our temple building goes on so slowly, that it is left to Joshua and Zerubbabel instead of "all the people?"

In the days of the French revolution, when France was threatened by encroachments, the Convention issued a "Lèves en masse," by which "all France" was called out against the foe. Men, women, and children, had their work assigned, in field, home or hospital, and so well was the call answered, that the victories of France overspread Europe.

We have heard God's "Lèves en masse," "I have redeemed thee, thou art Mine." The silver and the gold are the Leibes. How is it we are still taking liberties with His property?

What Hindered?

In Haggai's time there were several hindrances. There were discouraging circumstances (Haggai 1:6). The temple was nothing to look at after Solomon's, and its Holy of Holies was empty. We cannot covet a world or even a nation, and there is often little outward success in mission work. A worldly Christian would rather risk his million for some grand building than spend it on missions that have nothing to show.

There was opposition (Ch. I-2). They say still, especially about the conversion of Israel, "the time is not come," not is it, for the conversion of the world, but it is time now for preaching the Gospel to every creature."

The greatest hindrance was selfishness, love of ease, covetousness. The men who said it was "not the time" to build for God, had time to build for themselves, "elected houses"—houses with beautiful inner rooms. The commonest "go" and work meant climbing Mount Lebanon, absence from home, and hard work. Yet is it not better to climb the bleak mountains with God, and hear His "Well done," than to sit in our "elected houses," and know that we must one day give account to Jesus face to face?—D. Burton.

Wants and Needs.

A "need" is one thing; a "want" is another thing. We want a great many more things than we need. A good parent wants the child to have whatever he needs and needs nothing else to secure such things for him, in within his power. He would be a culpable parent who would give his child whatever things he wanted, whether he needed them or not. A parent is, in fact, set to the duty of keeping his child from having many things he wants, as well as seeing to the child whatever needs. Oh, Heavenly Father, is trust and beat of parents in this same discrimination of gifts to His children. He knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him. We tell Him the things that we want. We ought to be grateful that God will not give us the things that we want unless He knows that we also have need of them.

The Territorial Secretary in the Pacific Province

BIG TIMES—THOROUGH INSPECTION—SUCCESSFUL MEETINGS.

By BRIGADIER HOWELL.

The visit of the Territorial Secretary to the Pacific Province has been highly satisfactory; officers and soldiers received much encouragement. The Colonel "caught on" with the Westerners immensely. He had his introduction into the Pacific at Revelstoke, one of our recent openings, and was very much impressed with the blood-and-fire spirit of our soldiers there. The P. O. met the Colonel at Vancouver, in which city he had landed two hours before the P. O., who found him engrossed at the inspection of corps work.

The reception meeting on Saturday, night was a rattling time. The Colonel had visited the coast some four years ago, and his old friends were glad to see him. The soldiers were full of fire. The Sergt.-Major of Vancouver Corps welcomed the Territorial Secretary on behalf of the corps, while Lieut. Jones gave the Colonel a warm welcome on behalf of the Social, and the P. O. assured him a most hearty welcome on behalf of the officers of the Pacific. The Colonel spoke with much liberty, and sang, "I cannot leave the dear, old flag." This song caught on so well that he was requested to sing it again on Sunday afternoon.

Twenty-seven persons met for knee-drill and prayed for an outpouring of the Spirit of God. An excellent crowd gathered for the holiness meeting, at which the Colonel gave a powerful address. Five persons came forward seeking salvation and cleansing. 3 p.m. was a rousing time—a proper Army crowd, fiery testimonies, and a full house at night, with a splendid spirit, all through the meeting. The Colonel's subject was "The Great White Throne." God used his words. The crowd stayed until 11 p.m., and four souls were saved.

Monday was a gloomy day. It was snowing and raining. Vancouver people can stand any weather but snow and slush, hence our crowd at the 1st Congregational Church was rather slim. Rev. Mr. Meekle, an old friend of the Army, assisted on Monday night. The soldiers rallied up well and we had a very good finish.

The Colonel inspected the Shelter and Wood Yard, being much pleased with everything in general, and commended Adj't and Mrs. Patterson and their assistants highly for the work accomplished.

Tuesday we hoarded steamer "Islander" for Victoria, where we were met by Adj'ts. Ayre and Barr, who gave the Colonel a very fitting welcome to the Capital City. We had a long and varied meeting. The soldiers were apparently much encouraged and blessed. We spent Thanksgiving Day here.

After this we took the Great Northern to Spokane, passing over the Cascade Mountains. The sights and scenes will ever remain in my heart. The Colonel received a grand welcome in a full house. Words suitable were spoken by some of the local people and by Mrs. Award on behalf of the Social. Captain Phenix, Adj't, Rev. Mr. R. H. Hayes, and Capt. Captain Turner on behalf of the Province. The Colonel's meetings on Sunday were very helpful. The attendance was splendid, and fourteen in all came forward. The T. S. was very busy all at Spokane, and went through all the Provinces and Columbia, and wound up his visit with a cup of tea at the P. O.'s quarters with all the City Staff.

Hero "The Haven," as well as the Rescued Home, were visited, much to the satisfaction of the Colonel.

A splendid house greeted the T. S. at Missoula, and had an excellent meeting, finding that we could reach Anaconda by Friday, at the same time giving Missoula another meeting, the second in Missoula, put off another night at Missoula, very much to the delight of the soldiers and friends. Landing at Anaconda, Ensign Stanley was taken by surprise, she expecting us to arrive on the midnight train, but we had come equal to the occasion, and made us feel at home every noon. The Colonel's meeting at the 1st Methodist Church was in every sense successful. The Rev. Mr. Ewkes introduced the visitor to his congregation.

A splendid reception in every sense, the

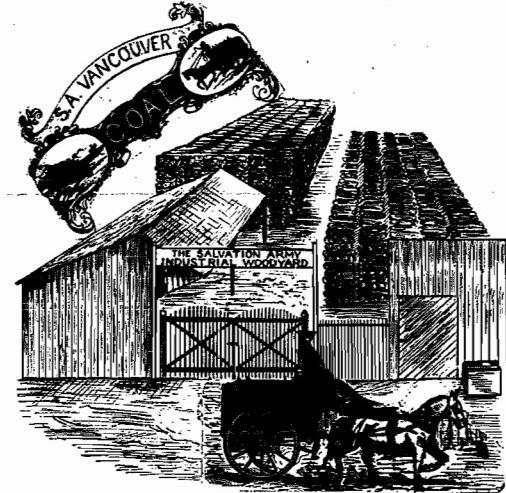
Colonel received at Butte. The D. O. Adj't. Hay, came over to Anaconda to escort the T. S. to the west mining country. The Colonel witnessed some very interesting things. This is what the Anaconda Standard says about the Colonel's visit:

Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Margetts, one of the oldest and best known general officers of the Salvation Army, it on a visit to Butte. Colonel Margetts is Territorial Secretary of the Army, under Commissioner Eva Booth, and is making an inspection tour of the West and especially the local posts. In the evening the distinguished visitor was tendered a reception at the Army barracks, which was attended by a gathering which filled the commodious hall to its capacity.

The visitor was welcomed by Brigadier Howell and Adj't. Hay in brief speeches and Colonel Margetts responded, reviewing his impressions of his present tour. Among other things he said that on arriving around the Circle from his headquarters to the Pacific Coast and back, he had visited all the posts en route, and in all his Territory nowhere had he found the Salvation Army in a more rousing condition than the West. He paid a special tribute of praise to the circumstances in which he finds the local post. At the conclusion of the speaking Colonel Margetts shook hands for about half an hour with those who had gathered to welcome him.

The meetings were conducted in the Auditorium, which were of an interesting character and well attended.

The Standard gives the following report of the same:



"Lieut.-Colonel Margetts, the noted Salvation Army leader, who is visiting the Western States, held three rousing meetings at the Auditorium yesterday, one in the morning at 11 o'clock, another at 3 in the afternoon, and a third at 8 in the evening. All were largely attended, and the eloquent speaker succeeded in arousing a great deal of enthusiasm."

Adj't and Mrs. Hay have a nice platoon of soldiers, and got their B.-D. target in splendid shape and went over.

The P. O.'s said good-bye to the T. S. here.

The P. O. and T. S. met an old friend at Butte, in the person of Staff-Capt. Watson, who is the Social Superintendent of the Northern Pacific Chief Division. We visited the Shelter, Wood Yard and Banquet Factory. Our old friend is in good spirits and happy in his work. He is also enquiring after his old friends.

The Press has given good space and reports of the Colonel's meetings.

The Colonel expressed himself as being very much at home with the Western people.

The officers did all they could for the comfort of the T. S. and the success of his meetings.

Up to Butte thirty-one souls came to the Master's feet.

The T. S.'s visit has done us all good, and we were very sorry to part with him.

In conclusion Brigadier Pugmire showed that there were nearly 900 millions of people in the world who had not yet

Moncton's Big Go.

Brigadier Pugmire Talks on the Social and Spiritual Development of the Salvation Army.

PREMIER EMERSON PRESIDES.

The barracks was filled by an audience in sympathy with the S. A. and which listened with remarkable attention to all that the Brigadier had to say about the progress of our work.

Hon. H. R. Emerson presided, and Mayor Cole and W. C. Robinson, M.P.P., who were present by special invitation occupied front seats among the officers and soldiers of the local corps. Premier Emerson briefly addressed the meeting by way of introducing Brigadier Pugmire, the Provincial Officer.

The Rev. Mr. Davis, Minister, said:

Mr. Emerson, who was received with considerable applause on rising, said he esteemed it an honor to be called upon to preside over such a meeting. The work of the Salvation Army had been such as to win the confidence of the people. In the work he saw a consecrated personality seldom seen in this world of ours. This institution was one imbued with a missionary purpose, and he was sure this missionary spirit met with the commendation of the people of the empire at least. The consecrated personality by which the work in the Army was characterized, he was sure, would accomplish very much. At the beginning of the present century, he pointed out, only one-fifth of the people

heard the Gospel, and he exhorted his audience to do their share in carrying the Gospel to the enlightened.

A collection on behalf of the work was taken at the close of the Brigadier's address, after which Mayor Cole and Mr. W. C. Robinson were called upon for speeches. Both spoke briefly in commendation of the good work done by the Salvation Army, their remarks being warmly applauded.

Safe Over Jordan.

ALBERT DUNCAN, CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

Our hearts have been saddened by the loss of our beloved comrade, Albert Duncan, who was promoted to Glory from the ranks of the Salvation Army, in Campbellton, on Nov. 10. For over eight years, Mr. Duncan has been a faithful soldier, and as long as health and strength permitted, was in his place, both on the march and platform, ever ready to testify to what Jesus had done for him. Although very young when he gave his heart to the Lord, he had learned much of sin, and he often said that he was saved just in time.

For something over a year he has been ill bed, but he was only in bed a little over two weeks. Consumption had held its withering hand upon him, and, however we could mitigate the fact, he had gone. He did not know the death was so near, but, praise the Lord, he was ready, and softly as one going to sleep, his spirit went to be with Jesus. Our deepest sympathies and prayers are with his sorrowing relatives. Especially do we sympathize with his dear old grandmother, who has long filled a mother's place to him.

Capt. Fred Knight, of Chatham, led the funeral services assisted by the corps officers, Capt. Matheson and Lieut. Winchester. We gave him a real Army funeral, a service which the people of many a town who gathered around that open grave. Our prayer is that someone will soon step into the breach in our ranks, and as faithfully as our departed brother, serve our living Lord.

—W. S.

PICKLES.

"I have multiplied visions . . . and have used similitudes."—Hosea xii. 10.

Spend not your days at the cobbles, but destroy the spider.

Count it not waste of time to sharpen the tools that you work with.

Many a man stumbles just because his feet are bigger than his head can carry.

One reason that people travel so slow to heaven is, they stop at the valley of humiliation and try to invent a flying machine to cross over the heights of grace with.

Does a clean soul live in a dirty man? or a clean man in a dirty house?

Some "Jocks" think they are as good as their master. That's why they are in constant grief about other people not thinking so.

It is well to "care for your brother," while you're walking by his side and are keeping a continual "eye" on him, lest he stumble, you yourself may put your foot in the snare.

When a frost reaches the top of a tree he may think he is above the whole world, and yet, oh, how far he is from being where the eagle soars. Moral: Learn to know the extent of your standing.

South America.

Brigadier F. W. Pearce, of the Argentine Republic is going through the country for a five week's tour with a grain-bus, everywhere attracting a good many people.

At Santa Fe our hall is crowded every night by people anxious to hear our officers.

Reflections

By THE GENERAL.

Berne, December 10th.

I am feeling better this morning than for some days past. What a marvellous thing health is! It is like the sunshine on the landscape. It does not make or change the outward form of the hills, and valleys, and streams, and trees around; but it lights them up and renders them still more visible, interesting, and beautiful. The atmosphere with which God is pleased to attend our wandering labors appears this morning still more blessed, and the every-day difficulties and disappointments more endurable and surmountable, with a little extra bodily vigor and an increased measure of those animal spirits which over accompany good health.

Rough Weather.

I have had a good deal of tossing up and down on this campaign. I left England in a storm. The Channel was in wild commotion, and our steamer lay at the wharf an hour after the time fixed for her departure, as though the officers in charge were debating whether they should venture on the stormy ocean or not. At length, the command was given, the moorings were loosed, and away we went. I admired the Captain's pluck, but also his quiet courage. Especially did I admire that quiet in salvationists. Nothing endears them to my heart more than the brave facing of difficulties and dangers in order to carry out the purpose of God, push the Army, and save the souls of men. But on the sea the tempest raged. The wind blew furiously, and he braved an uncompanion to every blast. At times it seemed as though the train would go clean over, and then it fairly jumped again. We were an hour and a-half late in Paris, where we had only just time to gallop across the city, and wave our train for Geneva by three minutes.

Slow Progress.

The outward towing, however, came to an end on the following morning in the hospitable home of Madame Gingens, one of our oldest and most generous Geneva friends; but the inward agitation continued throughout the day. The slow progress, the work of salvation makes on the Continent—indeed, everywhere, the world over—is a constant trial in me, and must be to everybody who cares about the honor of Christ and the salvation of men. All through these great cities both seem to have their own way without let or hindrance, but there is nothing for it but to keep pushing ahead.

When the American Civil War was looking darkest and most difficult for the Northern cause, the efforts of those who were then laboring for its success were being put forth. President Lincoln was asked what was to be done in view of the gloomy aspect of things. He replied, "THERE'S NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO KEEP PEGGING AWAY." That course was followed, and success came. Blood and treasure was poured forth without measure; the victory was won, the slaves were freed, and the Union was secured. We must follow the same course, and if we do it as vigorously we shall have triumph that will be beyond the most sanguine expectations. Comrades, you must peg away.

Better on Before.

If not so rapid as we could wish, some progress is being made in Switzerland. My Geneva visit was a real victory. Not only were my meetings perfectly orderly, but so were those held after I left, with three more meetings in the respective fortresses, Basle, Zurich and Berne have followed with encouraging crowds and results. Everywhere now under the "Red Cross" there appears to be an open door, and all that is wanted for mighty things are officers and soldiers who will dash in, determined to have souls at all costs.

Two years ago a Russian gentleman who had lost fortune, reputation and hope through intoxicating drink, came to me through the "Red Cross" to receive help. He was a remedy for his condition, some fresh air offered him the "Total Abstinence Pledge," and on reading it over and observing that it committed him to abstain "by the help of God," he reasoned, "How can I hope that God will help a man who is living such a life of rebellion as I am?" and relapsed into despair. Two years ago he came to me on my visit to that city, he came to listen to me, and although I was then down to the topic of our "Social Operations," he heard enough to show that God gave new life and strength to those who gave themselves to Him. He was away re-solving to try the wonderful powers of self-control to the mercy of God; and was made a new creature. After twelve months walking with God, he has returned to Russia, from whence he writes

to say that he is being kept by Divine Grace, and hoping soon to see the advent of the Army to his native country.

"Come Over and Help Us!"

In these cities I am constantly receiving invitations to speak to officers to the eastern nations of Europe. Bulgaria and Roumania I am over, and our agents assured that we should receive a hearty welcome, fine perfect liberty and reap a glorious harvest. Take the following story:

Five years ago a Hungarian gentleman named L. B. Erdmann, on a kind of business, whether political or mercantile I do not know. Among other things that interested him in London, nothing aroused his curiosity, or took a more powerful hold of his sympathies than the Salvation Army. He attended the meetings, and said, "I have inquired as to our history, and finally came to the conclusion that the Army was the very thing needed by, and calculated to bless, his native country."

He had a dear friend in a doctor, in the employ of a government, a doctor, to whom he wrote from time to time about his impressions, and on his return to Hungary he gave him the further information he had obtained, and made

went about making people good, was so much impressed that he wrote to Berlin for a copy of the "War Cry."

After reading the papers sent him, he came to the conclusion that the Army was just the sort of thing needed in Braslaw, and at once pressed that officers might be sent to establish it there.

I also received correspondence on hand; so he wrote and wrote again until Commissioner Mackie told him to get to work himself selling War Cry, and to look for a hall. He soon sold fifty Crys per week, and found a hall. Officers were among the first meeting, a young woman got saved, who with him became a candidate. They are now both officers, and to-day we have in Braslaw seven corps, and three in the immediate district, making ten corps, which are the outcome of that young man's consecration.

The Juniors Again.

But all this points to the crying need for officers. Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, and the unoccupied portions of the Territories where we are at work all ready out.

"Officers! Officers! Officers!"

And when I hear these appeals, my heart instinctively turns to the Juniors. There is the unlimited supply, and it watched over and trained, these are the world's conquerors for the future. The little letters to the Editor of the Star tell its own story. Oh let us encourage and guide the fire that is burning in the breasts of thousands of the young

of the best of my life. Oh, what tenderness of spirit, what earnestness of desire, what longing for the right and salvation! God bless those dear officers! God bless Switzerland!

Brigadiers Bousell and Hartman have a great and glorious responsibility before them. I pray that they may have the determination, the ardor, the will, the fire that they need.

The Army has no field of

and open field before it. Angels, devils, and the General are wondering whether it will be taken advantage of. Dear comrades, officers, and soldiers, my prayers are for you and my sympathies are with you. I hope to meet you again on the Swiss battlefield.

Brother Webb, Galt.

Color-Sergt. William Webb, Whose life-sketch appeared some time ago in the War Cry, was promoted to Glory on the morning of Dec. 22d, peacefully, after having suffered with bronchitis for several months, at the age of seventy-nine. He leaves a widow and six children—three sons and three daughters.

The Galt Reporter referred to the decease of our comrade in the following words:

The late William Webb was born in Manchester, Eng., on the 15th of January, 1821. On the 15th of October, 1838, enlisted in Her Majesty's service at Ashton Underline, in the 20th regiment, and served with that famous regiment until the year 1851, when he was honorably discharged. He then served during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, being in the following notable engagements: Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, Sebastopol; Indian actions, Chanda, Sultnampore, the fall of Lucknow, Alum Baugh, Futtigur, Ryndab, Rumbunjore, Nepaul, and two general actions, and the Nepaul Hills under Prince Guna, before Terleraj.

His discharge, which was received on the 21st of January, 1861, reads as follows:

"These are to certify that No. 1724, Corporal William Webb, born in the year 1821, in the near of the town of Lancaster, was enlisted in Stockport on the 15th of October, 1838, at the age of 18 years; that he has served in the army for 21 years and 43 days. He is discharged as an indulgence at his own request, from with pension, after 21 years' service. Attached to Horse Guards, 21st January, 1861. Signed, W. J. Phillips, commanding officer Second Department First Battalion, 8th day of February, 1861."

"Horse Guards, 26th Feb., 1861. Discharge to Corporal William Webb. Signed, R. W. Pearson, D. A. G. A.

"Conduct good. He is in possession of two good conduct bangles, also a Crimea medal and three clasps. India war medal and clasp for Lucknow, and is entitled to Turkish war medal."

I would mention that he received his Crimea medal from the hands of Her Majesty Queen Victoria herself, who remarked as she presented it to him that if ever she could do anything for him or the few who were left of the 20th regiment, she would be pleased to do it. And when referring to the incident, he frequently said, that it was harder for him to stand up before his Queen than to stand up before the guns of an enemy.

Shortly after receiving his discharge, at the age of 40, Mr. Webb came to this country with his wife and family, and settled in Baden, afterwards moving to New Hamburg, and about eight years ago to Galt. He was a stationary engineer by trade, and worked at his calling in Baden and New Hamburg. Since coming to Galt he has lived practically a retired life.

The deceased, needless to say, was a very entertaining conversationalist on subjects relating to British military life. He was one of those ardent natures that take up with interest whatever they go into. Not only was he an enthusiastic military man, but, at the age of 60, he was a very active member of the Salvation Army, and at their meetings frequently rehearsed some incidents of personal experience from which he drew lessons to impress spiritual truth. His religious zeal was of a many, unequalled sort.

Commissioner Lucy Booth-Helberg, which in poor health, had started on a visiting tour, concluding by attending two weddings of Staff Officers.

During October, 6,520 persons have availed themselves of the many advantages offered by the Salvation Army Hotelier Populaire, at Paris, that is to say 3,533 more than during the preceding month. The Hotelier is a large boarding house, conducted by the Army on Christian basis, whose existence was mainly created for the moral and material comfort of the working people of the capital of France.

ENSIGN FLETCHER AND CADETS OF TORONTO MEN'S TRAINING GARRISON.

him promise to assist him in securing the introduction of the Army. A little time afterwards, however, he died; but on his deathbed he made the doctor promise that he would never rest until he got the Army established there.

Two years passed and nothing was done. The doctor had a bad position. He felt that he could do nothing unless he gave it up. Naturally, he hesitated, but the memory of the pledge to his dying friend haunted him, and at last he came to the decision to fulfill his vow. A few days ago he wrote to Berlin to say that he was willing to send officers, or show him how to go about it. He will give his life up to the task. Hungary, he has decided, shall have the Salvation Army.

How We Stand.

Last September twelve thousand some Salvationists arrived in the city of Zurich, and to a small meeting described the character and work of the Army. Among those present was a young man who, on hearing about this new sect that

people around us! To understand this note, it may be necessary to say that a little time back the age of admission for Corps Cadets was raised from twelve to thirteen:—

"Dear Chief.—Just want to tell you that I want to be a Corps Cadet, but I don't know if you will let me. I am now twelve years old, do you let me? Now, I don't think it is quite fair to change the age, for when I was eleven years old I could be a Corps Cadet when I was twelve, but just before I was twelve they raised the age to thirteen. Now, I shall have to wait nearly four years before I can be a Corps Cadet. I don't know if you will let me? I am now twelve years old, do you let me? I wear full uniform, and have done so for about eight years. I do not think the extra training would do me no harm, do you? My brother is a corps Cadet and I want to be one too. I shall wait patiently for an answer, but do not let it be long in coming, please.—I am, yours obediently,

The Future.

The officers' meetings have been very interesting. The last, at Zurich, was one

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

The Juniors' Week.

The Field Commissioner has decided to set apart Feb. 5th to Feb. 12th, for the purpose of conducting a Special Campaign on behalf of the Junior Branch of the Army. All the Senior forces will engage in THE JUNIORS' WEEK. Provincial and District Officers and others will please arrange to have the aforementioned dates left free from other extraordinary efforts. Special instructions governing THE JUNIORS' WEEK will be issued shortly.

(Signed) J. E. MARGETTS,
Territorial Secretary.



Self-Denial Victory.

Brigadier Howell, of the far-off Pacific Province, has been the first Provincial Officer who has made his complete S.-D. return to Headquarters, which was the splendid achievement of \$130 over his target. Major Southall has, with consistency, followed up his record of many triumphs in 1898, by going \$25 above the W. O. P. target, and raising the magnificent sum of \$3,750 in his domain. We lift our cap in due honor to Major Southall and his plucky officers. The remaining Provinces have not yet completed their returns, but from all indications it may safely be claimed that the Territorial Target will be reached, to say the least, and it is very probable, will be gone over. This information will certainly produce profound gratitude in the heart of every true soldier, whose dearest interest is centered in the spreading of the S. A. war into every dark corner of the globe.

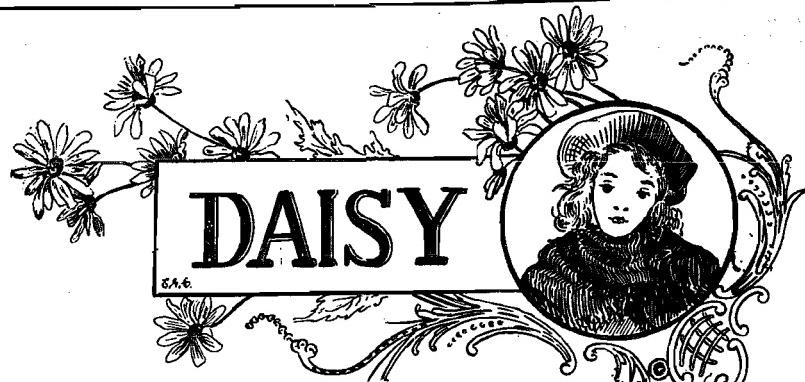
Daisy.

Lamentation of space prevented us to print with the Temperance Address of the Field Commissioner one of the stories with which she so forcibly illustrated her pronouncement against the drink traffic, but being especially requested, Miss Booth has consented to have the incident printed in this edition. To produce the wonderful effect as "Daisy" did upon that vast crowd in the Pavilion, one must hear Miss Booth tell it in her own characteristic manner, and intention, but even to those who were not present at the meeting when the story was related, will it prove of interest, and strengthen every tender and pure emotion.

Our J. S. Lesson.

Readers in general and J. S. workers in particular will notice that we have discontinued to reprint the weekly lesson from the J. S. Manual. This reprint ceased to be of importance with the better distribution of the J. S. Manual, which is, or ought to be, in the hands of every company leader. In place of these outline lessons, we shall have brief sketches of various qualified writers, which articles will form not only interesting and instructive reading for soldiers and friends, but also may be used with benefit in the more advanced companies, or in our young people's classes. We shall commence the first of such lessons next week.

If you find a good many faults, be on the lookout; but if you want to find them in unlimited quantities, be on the look in.



By Field Commissioner Miss Booth.

DAISY by name, and daisy indeed in form—a daisy in a slum perhaps, but all the same a daisy, despite the pinched features, pale cheek, ragged frock and naked feet. She darts up the rickety stairway of the drunkard's home, and to the pale-faced mother, who plied her needle and thread until the early hours of the morning, holds up a bunch of faded flowers; and cries, "Look, mother, now I can sell them for something for you supper." The little bare head and naked feet stand a long time in the biting wind of the winter's night, but no one buys. At last a well dressed man, to the delight of the child, asks:

"And what do you expect to get for that faded nosegay, little one?"

"Whatever you like to give, sir."

The heart of the purchaser, evidently touched by the pitiful, appealing glance of the eyes uplifted, gives ten cents, and a looker-on might have thought that the breath of the night had caught the child for the speed with which she passed down the street. It was the first silver coin the tiny fingers had clasped, and too excited to retain her joy, immediately on reaching the wretched home, calls out as she climbs the rickety stairs:

"Oh, mother, mother, ten cents, a gentleman gave it me—for the flowers—I have sold them. Look, mother,"—holding up the coin—"all shining."

Unfortunately the father is there, has heard the words "ten cents," demands that the money is given him; the child crouches with horror behind the door of the garret.

"Give me that money," cries the father.

"No! no!" screams the child, "I have got it for mamma. It's to buy her something to eat. I've got it—it's my own, for mamma."

The man, enraged with drunken fury, saying, "I'll teach you to keep money from your father," lifts up his foot—a man's foot—with a boot on—a man's boot, and kicks the little figure against the opposite wall of the garret, which is splashed with her blood. He snatches the coin from the now unconscious fingers, and the monster of brutality stumbles downstairs, heedless of where his heavy boot has fallen, into the nearest saloon. He turns just as the man behind the bar is saying:

"Why, you might have thought the little un had got wings fixed on there and then; she simply flew, bare feet too; it 'twern't the flowers, you know; there was no worth," pointing to the faded bunch lying on the bar; "but 'twere just to give her sompin': I tell yer now, I wish I'd given her more; she looked so pitiful and hungry, too—I believe she said her mother was

sick; anyway, I never saw feet run like those little uns; I can't get the sight on her out of me eyes!"

The drunken father stayed no longer to hear more of the conversation, but turned conscience-smitten into the street. Just at that moment the throb of an Army drum and the ringing strains of cornets attracted attention. Not knowing whither to go he follows the procession into the barracks: the meeting goes on; somebody talks to him; somebody prays with him; somebody cries over him; and while they sing:

*All the waters of the sea cannot wash my sins away,
But Thy precious blood can do the deed to day;
Jesus, Jesus, while all my sins I grieve,
Thou canst receive me and cleanse, I believe.*

The man gets soundly converted; he hurries up the stairs, tells his wife the story. He is never going to drink any more, he says. With tears in the woman's eyes, scarcely knowing whether to believe it, she says, "Hush," and points to the little heap of rags and whiteness on the bed. The only color there was the heavy blood-stains on the brow.

"Oh, my God, have I killed her!" the man gasped.

"No, but you have kicked her eye out."

The marble-like figure stirred. "Oh, is that you, papa. Come here to me, papa; I am not dead, and I'm not sleeping, I have heard all you've said to mamma. Oh, I'm so glad you're made good, papa. I don't mind loosing my eye, if you'll only be good and good to mamma. I would loose my two eyes to make you good."

The tall figure of the man went down in a heap at the child's side, and the two little arms blindly feeling, found their way round his neck.

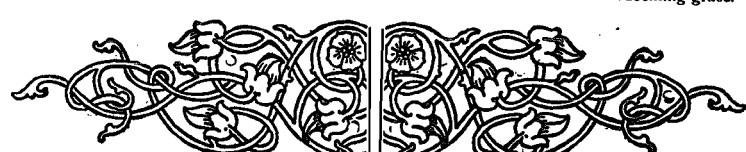
"Papa," she asked, "could you sing one of the hymns they sing where they have those bright meetings?"

"Oh, Daisy, I can't sing; I don't know any good songs. I don't know nothing good yet."

"Well, could you just put your arm round me, papa? you know, like you never did, and hold me up and I will sing." The rough arm, unaccustomed to expressions of affection or tenderness, held up the little form, and the weak, trembling voice, with many quivers from darts of pain rang through the garrett:

*There is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are now gone, Oh, so bright!
There sin is still the fatal air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh, so bright.*

and an angel kissing the cheek, bore the little spirit to the land of which the child did speak while the broken-hearted father poured on the face cold in death, the hot and passionate kisses that should have been given in life—the little darling did give her two eyes and the gift thrust open the hood gates of parental affection and let loose the rivers of redeeming grace.



Home Once More,

OR,

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

BY THE GENERAL.

HE ought not to have gone. I am not familiar with his case, but I have known so many hundreds of similar ones that I think I can describe it pretty accurately. So I start off by saying that it was a thousand pities that he took the course he did in going away from home, and God, and all the blessings that were his portion.

What a misfortune it is that Prodigals and wrong-doers cannot see a little further as to the consequences of their foolish conduct! Everybody else knew how the thing would turn out; he was as blind as a bat, fell into a passion, and refused to be either advised or prudently with, and went off in anything but an agreeable temper.

It was a cruel business for his father and mother. But I am sorry to say young people nowadays seem to think less and less of their obligations to their parents—that is, when their own gratifications come in the way. When God says, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," He means just that, neither more nor less; and I believe that He fulfills the promise annexed to the command where it is obeyed: and when young folk unrighteously set their parents at naught, they must look out for the consequences. But, alas! how few Prodigals stop to think of the anguish they are inflicting on the hearts of the dear ones who have toiled for their welfare with such absorbing care for so many years gone by!

I read of a mother, a little time back, whose son went away, without any explanation, when he was twenty years of age. The family lived in the country, and every night before retiring to rest, the anxious mother opened the door that was ever kept on the latch, and peered out into the darkness, while every morning she ascended a little hill near her cottage to see if there was any sign of the wandering boy.

Oh! the miseries the Prodigals make!—miseries of all description. "Ah!" said a Prodigal, the other night, "The General has been talking about murderers! Am I not a murderer? Would not my sister, who lies cold in her grave to-night, be alive and walking about, but for my conduct? And would not my brother, who is shut up in a Lunatic Asylum, be free and in his right mind to-day, had I acted differently?"

Oh! the miseries the Prodigals make for themselves! Look at the young man sketched in the picture. What hunger, and cold, and misery are behind him! And, what is far more serious, what marks of sin and vice are to be traced in his countenance? HIB SIN HAS FOUND HIM OUT!

Oh! what a memory of his dark doings there is in God's book, unless it has been blotted out by the infinite merits of Christ's precious Blood. Oh! where else has he been, and who else has he wronged and ruined on his wanderings? What time he has lost, what talent he has abused, what money he has squandered, what reputation he has destroyed, what disgrace he has brought on those whose name he bears, and how near he has been to the gates of Hell! How truly he has wasted his substance in riotous living!

I don't know how it happened with this young man—that is, the leaving of his home—but I know how it too often comes about with others. Wanderers from home and deserters of God very strongly resemble each other; they belong to the

same family, and their backsiders usually proceed from very similar causes—and, alas! too often lead to the same bitter end.

I say I don't know what led up to the rupture in this particular case. Doubtless the lad had some grievance—or, at least, he thought he had. Runaways commonly have. When people have been led off into some wrong action, or maddened up their minds to some departure from duty, they are poor creatures, indeed, if they cannot contrive to vilify the loved ones whose hearts they are breaking, or invent some objection to the cause they are deserting as an excuse for leaving it.

As with Prodigals in particular, so with backsiders in general—the reasons given for their conduct are usually very miserable ones. I suppose the devil, who was the first prodigal in the universe, tried to make up some sort of justification for his hellish rebellion; and we know that Adam and Eve had their excuses pat enough, and all, or nearly all, who have followed them on the same doleful track, have carefully copied their example. As to the true reasons they will differ. Sometimes it is rebellion against restraint, or attachment to some forbidden sin, or the influence of evil companions, or it may be pride, or conceit, or bad temper; anyway, whatever reasons may have led to the desertion of God or home, they all spring from the ugly root of Selfishness, which finds expression in the sentence, "I want to be free and to do what I like, to get away from the reproofs of good people, and to be the master, or the mistress, of my own destiny."

Well, it was a bad affair, and poor follow! he sees it now. Shimmers of all sorts are blind, and none are so blind as those who have once walked in the light. If the light that is in a man ever becomes darkness, how great is that darkness! Oh, the blindness of the Prodigal!

He has come into the light now, and has come home into the bargain. Hallelujah! If I had not been thrown among so many prodigals, and had so many fights with backsiders, I should be tremendously puzzled with the conduct of the Prodigal, whose case is set forth by the Master. Why did HE not at once go home when he came to be in want? He knew there was plenty there and to spare—anyway, for him. But, instead of going home, he went and hired himself to a pig-dealer in the slums of Samaritan city—surely the most hateful employment in which any Israelite could possibly engage!

And why are backsiders and prodigals in general so reluctant to go home in our day? They fight the Penitent-Form and the dear Officers and Soldiers who struggle for them. No doubt the devil with all his might withstands the first thought of returning, and brings out all his old stock arguments, and raises such questions in their hearts as, "What will the Captain say?" "You'll never be able to stand!" "You had better hang yourself, as Judas did, or drown yourself, if you prefer it?"

I suppose our friend in the illustration, like the rest, fought his convictions after this fashion—refusing to read his mother's letters, or take any notice of his father's offers to welcome him home, and every other method of God and man that was at work to bring him back.

However, he has given in, gone down, and come home at last. So we will not upbraid him. No, not a single hard word

shall he hear. All's well that ends well, and it is a lovely ending, or rather a new beginning, to see him with tears in his eyes, his heart heaving and his hand twitching to get them round father's and mother's necks once more.

OH! THE JOY OF THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN! Oh, the bliss of reconciliation! Who can describe the ecstasy of that first embrace—the rapture of realizing that he is forgiven, cleansed, clothed, housed, filled with love, and home once more!

But it is not every Prodigal that has a father and mother to receive him. Alas! how many parents there are who never on earth see the boy or girl again so long piled after, and whose return they have so often anticipated. Down to the grave they travel with weary feet without this comfort, and when the wanderers come back it is to find the old house vacant, or occupied by strangers, and the loved ones, who have wept and prayed so long, lying in the cold, dark cemetery. No merry-making for them, no shoes for their feet, no ring for their finger, no fat-tail'd festivities, with music and dancing, to welcome them back again!

But many a Prodigal won by the Salvation Army from the far country never had a place that he could call home; and many another never had a home that he cared to see again, except to carry there the message of that mercy which, with such healing wings, had come to him.

No, you will hear them say, "I never had a home. The room in which I ate and slept, and learned to swear and drink, was to me as the entrance to hell. It was a passage to a bottomless pit, and about the straightest cut that could be taken to that dreadful abode. No home tempts me back."

But, dear brother or sister, if no father, or mother, or husband, or wife pines for you; if no hospitable door is kept on the latch to admit you, the gates of the Salvation Army stand wide open day and night to welcome your return, so—

1. COME HOME TO A WELCOME IN THE AFFECTION OF THE GOOD AND TRUE IN EVERY LAND; ANYWAY, TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

2. COME HOME TO A WELCOME BACK TO YOUR BROTHER AND SISTER SOLDIERS IN THE RANKS YOU DESERTED. WHY DID YOU LEAVE US?

3. COME HOME TO A WELCOME IN THE HEART OF THE ALMIGHTY. He is continually saying, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." When I was in Canada, a judge of some prominence, presiding at one of the Social meetings, told the following story. "A girl belonging to a good family, was led astray and abandoned in a very heartless manner. The sorrow that overtook her broke her heart and brought her to the gates of death. When the doctor told her there was no hope, a strong craving took possession of her to die in the old home. She appealed to her father by letter, but in vain. At length she resolved to try what personal appeal would do, and presented herself at the door, thinking that he could not refuse to see her, and, that, seeing her so ill, he would relent. But she was mistaken. When announced, he simply denied her admission. The servants told him that she was dying, to which he responded that she might die, but she could not die under his roof. That night she did die, for she went to the river and drowned herself."

Oh, Prodigal, your Heavenly Father will not send you away. Come now and knock, and the door shall be opened to you. Him that cometh He will in no wise cast out.

4. HE WILL BE WELCOME TO A HOME INSIDE THE GOLDEN GATES. I was reading of a negro, the other day, who was rejoicing because his Saviour was a carpenter, and, when asked the reason, said He would know how to build him a mansion in the land on high. There can be no question about our Lord's ability to prepare our Heavenly

Home. The mansion will be ready, and none will be more welcome to it than the poor, battered, sin-stained Prodigal, if he has been washed and sanctified and made obedient through the Blood of the Lamb. He may sing with confidence:

"I have a home above,
Not made with mortal hands;
A home as is the Father's love.
The Heavenly fabric stands.
It stands securely high,
Unalterably sure.
That Heavenly mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure."

BRIGADIER AND MRS. PUGMIRE AT ST. JOHN AND CARLETON.

On Thursday the Brigadier was announced to give a lecture on "50,000 miles by land and sea," in the interests of the Self-Denial Fund at No. 1. A good crowd assembled, and although the Brigadier had given a lecture the night previous at Moncton on the Social and Spiritual Work of the Army, and had but just arrived in the city about an hour before the meeting, weary and tired, yet he made himself more than equal to his travels by land and sea. In England, America, and Canada, carrying the audience completely with him.

Sunday afternoon and night were spent at Carleton, and although the work has been a little harder there, the interest, the enthusiasm, for the meetings is good, the soldiers in the best of spirits, and had assurances that their Self-Denial lecture was all right. It was quite cheering.

Both afternoon and night good crowds came. At night fresh souls had to be brought in to equipping the hall, and the room was filled to the doors with an exceptionally good, intelligent crowd of Carleton citizens. Mrs. Pugmire assisted, her singing with the Brigadier is always a special feature of the meetings.

The Brigadier appealed both afternoon and night especially to the backsiders, and got many good results. "Oh, that I were as in days gone by, and

"Adam, Where Art Thou?"

He brought before them the great number of hiding places backsiders and sinners have to-day, hiding behind their own weakness, their circumstances, etc., etc., showing them the folly of this in an earnest practical manner. One soldier returned to the fold.

A minister and a couple of outside Christian friends assisted in the prayer meeting. The majority of the people stayed until the finish late at night. The collections were more than double the amount expected. The Brigadier accepted for the winter's coal, which was readily responded to, and the Carleton soldiers showed their appreciation of their Provincial Officer's visit.—Red Riding Hood.

GENERAL SUPPORTERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

The world-wide operations of the Salvation Army, both spiritual and social, have of late made such an advance and progress in the different countries and islands of the sea, that its final files have that enlisted much of the practical sympathy and support of several influential statesmen, Government officials of high standing, rulers and legislators. In Australia it was only lately that Sir Henry Parkes, Lord Denman, and Lady Brassey, Sir Thomas Powell Buxton, Lord Banbury, Hon. Dr. Cockburn, Agent General and Premier of South Australia, Hon. T. G. Jenkins, Premier, G. Reid, M. L. A., and Sir John Madden, in mammoth meetings held in the Metropole, Town Hall in Sydney, Adelaide, and elsewhere, spoke in eulogistic terms and feeling sympathy was expressed of the work done by the Salvation Army; while the Governor of New Zealand opened the Self-Denial sale last year at Christchurch, and the South African Minister, a few months ago, presided at a Social meeting in Cape Town and liberally supported the effort. President Kruger, of the Transvaal, is a warm friend and helps the work there. On the other side of the world we see President McKinley expressing his approval of the lending support, while President Diaz, of Mexico, wrote to Commander Booth-Tucker promising help if the Army opened up work in his republic. Governor Magnus Stephenen, of Iceland, is another subscriber. The Army's Social work, and there are now over 1,000 branches of Governments and empires, are equally unanimous in their love and help. Here in Ceylon, His Excellency Sir West Ridgeway very generously contributed towards the Self-Denial fund last and this year. These facts go to prove the appreciation and usefulness of this worldwide organization. From the Ceylon Independent.



No. 1. ORGANIZATION.

"Said England unto Egypt, I must make a man of you;
So she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant What's-a-name."
—Kipling.

A Word with a History.

OMURMAN is henceforth a word with a history, and "KITCHNER OF KHARTOUM" is the lion of the British Empire because he is the central personage in that history.

Madman is dead!

It lived bigoted, intolerant, arbitrary, unprincipled, bloody, full of crime, but its career was cut short in awful righteousness and Its Judgment Day took place when, with gnashing teeth and tremendous rage it fell fighting furiously defiant beneath the Khalifa's Black Flag.

Thus was power overthrown here in a long drama of unspeakable oppression and misery, and the curtain fell on a half dotted ten-thousand miles with the white-garmented but crushed devotees of a lost Cause.

The Value of Organization and Training.

This mighty deliverance was effected by the instrumentality of an army largely made up of Egyptian soldiers, but they were so weakly organized that they would have fainted with fatigue at the sight of a Dervish onslaught, but at Omdurman they faced the fire like veterans, and met the thunderous shock of a Dervish charge, without flinching.

This was a great contrast to the day when 500 Dervishes swept down upon 2,000 Egyptian soldiers and exterminated them without the Egyptians daring to strike a blow.

What had made the change? Organization. Discipline. Training. Good leadership. "Sergeant What's-a-name," Kitchner, the lion of the British Empire, held the dispirited, ill-fed, ill-armed, unorganized Egyptian army, and re-organized it—with the result noticed. What has the Salvation Army to learn from this? THE VALUE OF ITS OWN SYSTEM AND THE NECESSITY OF APPLYING THAT SYSTEM MORE THOROUGHLY. IF GREATER RESULTS ARE TO BE SECURED,

What Could We not do with Perfect Organization?

Take, for instance, THE COMING ARMY. What wonders might be wrought for the salvation of this Dominion if men and women, both young and older, Senior Soldiers, were drafted into the children's branch to be leaders there!

What an impulse to salvation fighting amongst us, and holy living amongst the PEOPLE would be given, were every corps fully organized; its comparatively unemployed members in the work of War Cry distribution to the public.

And what an immeasurable influence for the creation of a revival atmosphere might be brought upon the people—filling our halls and multiplying patients at the Medical Department, the VISION OF VISITATION employing the most spiritually mighty people of the corps visiting from door to door, in full organized operation.

"We Haven't Got the People?" Haven't We?

But someone may object, "We haven't got the right kind of people." Neither had "Sergeant What's-a-name," but he moulded and maneuvered the material he had, and so made a perfect army. WE MUST DO THE SAME. We must not look for perfect people, but for available ones. We must AIM AT BUILDING FROM WHAT WE ARE, HAVE TOWARDS THE IDEAL OF WHAT WE DESIRE TO BE.

That officer is most successful who makes and keeps in good working operation the machine which does the work; not he who himself does most work.

The business world of the present day, and the history of the activities of past ages, fully illustrate and endorse this view, while the Rules and Regulations of the Salvation Army, direct from the pen of its General repeat and emphasize the same fact.

The Salvation Army Must Save.

Have we a foe to face? Is there a cruel and intolerant enemy pressing upon the people of this land? Are the little children in danger? Undoubtedly.

We Salvationists believe in a personal devil—we have not been fighting the all these years—and under his black flag, Drink, Drunk! Preach, Preacher! We big crowd smaller to lead the van of a ghastly Army of Destruction and Desolation. These, like the Baggara tribe of Dervishes, prey upon the people. To be true to its name this Army of Salvation must go on saving, and if possible with greater precision and complete conquest.

Unorganized and undisciplined we can do but little. Partially organized we can

do much. Why not aim at COMPLETE ORGANIZATION, involving every MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN OUR RANKS, in SOME PERSONAL, DEFINITE, and DIRECT RESPONSIBILITY?

Eastern Chancellor at Carleton.

Major Collier visited Carleton for the afternoon and night of Dec. 4th, and a good time we had. In the afternoon we went down on the wharf, where hundreds of people were gathering to go through the Allan Line Steamer and to view the new elevator. After a good open-air we went back and had a fine meeting inside with a nice crowd present. It is a long time since I have seen as good a crowd as we had at night, and we had splendid results, one young man volunteered and shortly after a sister, who had been a soldier some time ago, came back to God. Another good feature of the evening was that about one-half the people remained to the prayer meeting, which is quite a new thing here, as they usually go as soon as the invitation song is sung. We hope a revival will soon break out here, and that during the winter numbers shall come to God.—Densmore.

Weekly Watchword:

KEEP AT IT.

Daily Tonic.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength be with each;
Let not future dreams delay thee,
Learn thou first what those can teach.

SATURDAY.—WHAT DOING NOTHING WILL DO.

Ecclesiastes x. 18.

The greatest and most complete fulfillment can be brought about through ministerial watch and action. Want of inspection and repair will raise the most substantial building to the ground. Luck of continual labor and conscientious watching will reduce the soul's brightest experience and opportunity to a minimum.

SUNDAY.—IDLENESS A GREAT WASTE.

Proverbs xvii. 21.

A waste of time—that irredeemable, priceless boon, which slips in seconds almost imperceptibly away, and which, when once gone can never return. A waste of talent—those God-given gifts which illumine in greater or lesser degree the mind of all. They were not given for nothing, but they should, in turn, be applied. A waste of God's salvation—the tolls of Calvary, the agonies of Gethsemane, are held at a discount by the living of the idle saint.

MONDAY.—SLOTH SPELLS DANGER.

Proverbs xix. 15, vi. 10.

Idleness inevitably induces the soul to sink into a kind of lethargic sleep. When a man goes to sleep and keeps asleep he begins to stave. And when he wakes up what is it too late to feel the unmitigated pangs of soul hunger and taste the dregs of spiritual pauperism. The idle man tempts the devil. While his soul is passive to good it is a prey to evil.

TUESDAY.—IDLENESS FOR SAKE OF EASE.

Proverbs xx. 4.

There are all too many who would be tillers of spiritual soil, who let the plough of their service lie idle because of some physical infirmity. Because they have in abundance at the tip of their tongue—it is either too hot or too cold to stand in the open-air, or fight the night's battle through. But let such remember that though they may escape the toil, they will miss the reaping, though they may manage to shirk the fighting, God will not reward a sluggard with victory.

WEDNESDAY.—THE CONSEQUENCES OF IDLENESS.

Proverbs xxviii. 31.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," says the old proverb. If you are too lazy to sow good deeds, the devil will give you a plentiful harvest of evil influences. No wonder that thorns and thistles cover the field—a field—the stone wall will be broken down, idleness will as assuredly leave your own soul defenceless, and exposed to the devil's devices, as it will do away with all the fruitfulness on your field of present opportunity.

THURSDAY.—LEARN FROM THE LESS BUT BUSIER.

Proverbs vi. 7.

The lower creation sets the example of the blind! The worm which does not idleness reduce a man. Yet true it is, that while creatures smaller than man's finger fill up the measure of their destined use, man fritters away golden chances, and by his habit accomplishes less by the aid of his mind than the ant does with its instinct.

FRIDAY.—BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

It is not every one who professes the name of Christ who looks upon service to God in the light of business. There would be a great deal more done if they did. Undoubtedly men often perform religious services as they do other play, offering to God a slight hit-and-miss service, which they would never so endanger their salvation as to offer to their temporal employer. Idleness is the root of this evil. Let your word, your appointments, your consecration be more binding in religion than anything else.

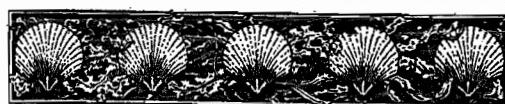
SATURDAY.—INDUSTRY WINS.

The old fable of the hare and the tortoise has its lesson for us people. It is generally easier to make a sudden effort than to maintain a steady one. But where fleet steps fall, industrious plodding and perseverance carry off the triumph.

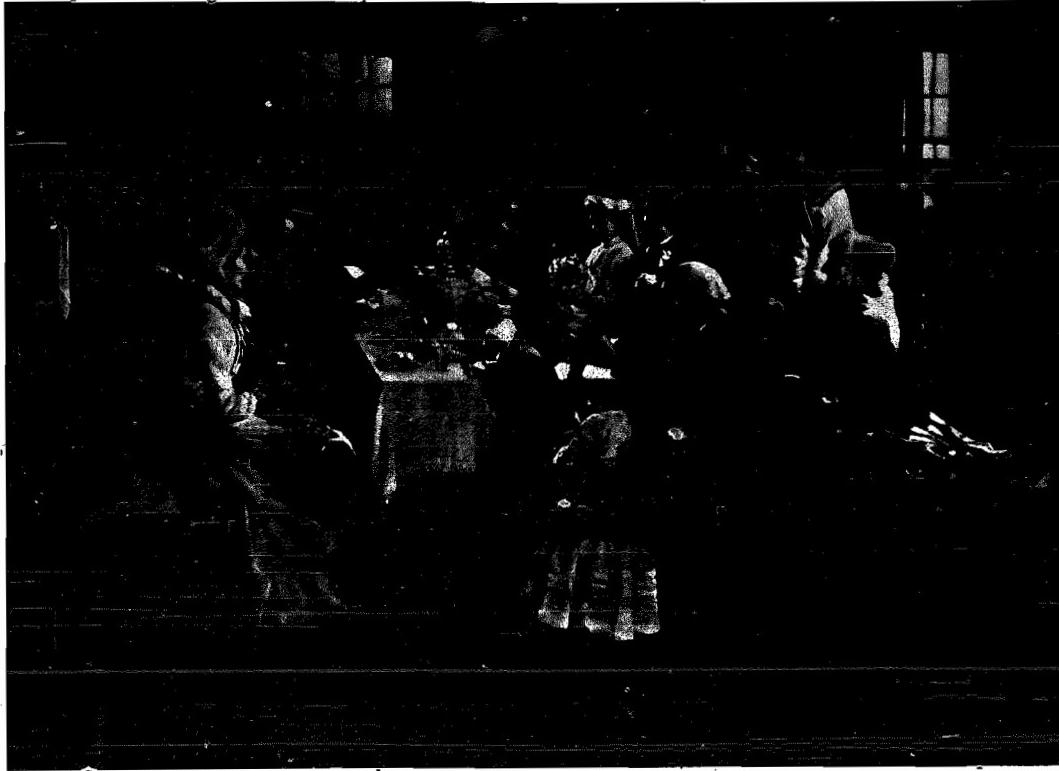
The Salvation Army.

Composed for the Wedding of Colonel Adams and Capt. Smith, Nov. 1892.

A. 1. With banners unfurled and with Drums loudly beating with such fury
T. 2. pray, and with hands trained to fight, Throughout the wide world. Satan's hosts boldly meeting, We march to the fray for the Kingdom of Light!
B. 3. Sweet singing of peace through a free full salvation, Loud shouting His praises Whose power makes us strong, To comfort the weary, and raise up the fallen.
C. 4. Praise we, Where power makes us strong, to comfort the weary, and raise up the fallen.
D. 5. Chorus.
E. 6. Raise up the fallen, the Salvation Army is MARCHING ALONG!
Words and Music by Fred L. Sims, Temple Corps.



FRED L. SIMS, Temple Corps, Toronto.



The Bridal Wine-Cup.

"Pledge with wine, pledge with wine," cried the thoughtless young sailor, Harvey Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the bridal party.

The pretty girls grew pale; the delicate ones had tears. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marlon, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the father in a low tone, looking towards his daughter; "the company expects it. In your own home do as you please; but here mine, for this once, please ME."

Pouring arimfuls of wine, he held it with tempting smiles, toward Marlon. She was very pale, though composed; but her hand shook not, an smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!"

"Wait," she answered, while a light, which seemed inspired, shone from her dark eyes—"and I will tell you. I have," she added slowly, pointing one finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet, listen: I will faint it for you, if I can. It is a love-y spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity; the green waves, transparent and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. But there a group of Indians gather; they sit to and fro, with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form, but life ebbing from it. His eyes were with painful pain and fever. One friend stands before him—nay, I should say, kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast!

"Oh! the high, hokey-looking brow. Why should death mark it? He is young? Let me hold him, and beth the damp curls! See him clasp him father! His heart thrillings shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call pitifully his father's name, see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister, the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untaught wine trembling in her faltering grasp, and the father fell overwhelmed upon his seat—"see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays—how wildly, for mercy! Hot fever rushes through his veins. He moves not; but his eyes are in the sockets; there are their piercing glances—in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death—and the soft hand, my gentle voice to soothe him. His head sinks back; one convulsive shudder runs through!"

One more run through the assembly; so vivid was her description, so unearthy her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hand.

Marlon again, again quivered again, and her lips quivered faster, and her voice more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth, the only son of a proud father—the only civilized son of a fond mother. They lie him by my father's son, my own twin brother, a victim of this deadly poison. Father!" she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears ran down her cheeks, "father, shall I drink now?"

The form of the father was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered:

"No, no, my child; no!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was broken in a thousand pieces, and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "No! no! I have no right to let you tempt me to poll my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve. God helping me, never to touch or taste the poisonious cup. And he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form, in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear warrior there by the river in that land of rob, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve."

His glistening eye, his sad sweet smile, were her answer. The father left the room, and when an hour after, he returned, and with a mien more manly, took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he had determined to banish the enemy forever from his home.

WESTERN WINGLETS

BY THE T. S.

The dear Lord is good. Through dangers and difficulties He guides and protects His own. One would be ungrateful not to recognize this when reminded that over a circumference of six thousand and seventy miles He has watched over us, keeping us free from harm, while railway and steamboat accidents have abated, and white snow, and wind, and rain,

ond storm has been rife. His own eye has seen that during the whole tour a single accident did not fail to be broken through a mishap. In fact, not one serious delay has occurred in the six and a half weeks we have been absent from home.

The writer had, in addition to the correspondence, which he had been writing through sixteen nights on the cars and boats, held fifty-one indoor meetings, attended thirty-nine open-air, inspected fifty-four sets of books, and seen eighty seekers kneeling at the Saviour's feet for salvation and purity. God has thanked that he feels all the better in body and soul for the fray.

We bid good-bye to Brigadier Howell after Sunday's meeting at Butte, and were joined next day by Staff-Captain Turner, who accompanied us to the Eastern limit of the Pacific Province. It was quite a happy and a trust-provitable time.

At Helena, a man who was asked the question, "Will you get saved to-night?" said, "I would like to, but I cannot. The boss has hit my case off, but I should have to do a great deal more than the man he told about." We had been sitting around the campfire, pointing out that none could be right with God who were not right with man. What a pity that people allow a few small matters to keep them out of the Kingdom of God. Matters which could with very little difficulty be settled. Are you right

with your fellow-creatures? If you die to-night, are you right with God?

The Helena Rescue Home is a neat, cosy institution, and though small, who can tell what a world of light and blessing will bring to many whose circumstances are mixed with a great deal more darkness and despair than with cheer and hope. Adt. Walton and her girls are certainly making herculean efforts to bless and serve such.

Had a fine time at Livingston in the Methodist Episcopal Church, though the occasion. God crowned the effort with five precious souls interesting, too, they were. Everybody seemed to get the third heaven towards the finish.

We met Adt. and Mrs. Dodd at Billings, en route to Spokane. It was a bitter cold night, but the meeting was bright and must result in good. Here we bid adieu to Staff-Capt. Turner and the remainder of our Pacific contingent.

Major McMillan and Adt. Cass had reached Jamestown six hours before we landed—time 5:30 Sunday morning. The night policeman ran us in—to the officers' quarters. A round time we had here, with one or more souls in each of the five meetings we held—the building being well filled.

Our last innings we was at Fargo. Another week-long crowd thronged the building. It was a good meeting. At 9:30 we very reluctantly had to leave Adt. Cass and Thomas with the officers and soldiers, and a hall still full of people in the midst of a good, red-hot prayer meeting. Major McMillan accompanied us to the east-bound train.

Whatever may be the name given us to the "open door" in the Philippines, about which so much is written and said these days, one thing is certain, both Brigadier Howell and Major McMillan and their forces have a grand "open door" for the Gospel and the Salvation Army among the mighty mass of the "wild boys of the West." God grows them with a mighty sweep of victory and advance during the year now set in.

Just imagine that Mrs. Margaret was en the lookout for her "wandering boy" over ten hours before he arrived, and the train being so late, the dear LITTLE folks had to retire and could not see "papa" till morning. But "all's well that ends well."



COLONEL HOLLAND.

National Colonization Secretary, U.S.A.

Great Britain.

From last reports the orders for the Christmas issue of our British contemporaries reached the number of 450,000.

The Chief-of-the-Staff followed up the Two Days with God, by a couple of addresses to London Locals of the J. S. war.

Lieut.-Colonel Bates, the International Auditor has returned from his peregrinations.

Commissioner Pollard, Colonel Lawley, and Capt. Barret will form the General's travelling staff during his Australian Campaign.

Colonel Sturges is out of danger, but very weak after his serious illness.

Colonel McAlonan has sailed from South Africa on International business.

Commissioner Higgins was due to arrive back from his latest tour on Dec. 12th.

France and Switzerland.

The General's visit to Geneva has been productive of much after blessing. 35 souls were saved the week after the General left the city. The converts testified bravely, and there was every indication that a definite as well as rich harvest had been reaped from the Campagna.

From Lyons, sometimes called the Metropolis of France, the following telegram was received. "Wonderful day! Crowds turned away. Burning enthusiasm. The next day the General has had in France. Going ahead!"

NOTHING TO DO.

Nothing to do! in a world like this,
With thousands around us dying;
Nothing to do! when at every turn
Children for bread are crying.

Nothing to do! while widows weep
Over those now absent returning.
With helpless little lives to keep.
Too little to earn.

Nothing to do! while men can dare
To spill the blood of brothers!
And on battle plains lie wounded boys
Of broken-hearted mothers.

Nothing to do! while the burning tongue
Of him in fever rages.
Cries out for water than couldst bring.
His inward fires assuaging.

Nothing to do! while God's dear love
Is spurned for sake of gold.
And the souls of mourning multitudes
Lie entangled, are bought and sold.

Nothing to do! while the drunkard soul
Beats back to his cheerless home.
And smites the face which once he kissed
And in murder seals his doom.

Nothing to do! while heathen wait
For words of the better life,
To steal the gloom from eternity.
And end their years of strife.

Nothing to do! Oh, basest lie,
Which blinds the lips with curse,
For he who these evils passes by,
Himself shall suffer worse.

Nothing to do! Say with thou dare.
With the Judgment Throne in view,
To utter these words of guilt and shame,
"O God, I had nothing to do!"



"LITTLE NAT."

BY BRIGADIER COMPLIN.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nat Ande himself the subject of a practical joke and takes steps to prevent a recurrence of the same.

LD George Stephenson's revolutionizing steam locomotive was not in existence when the white-haired boy, Nat, first visited the station that he must hurry home if he wanted to see Polly alive, but there was the lumbering old stage coach. A journey by stage coach, however, was one which an "improver" could scarcely be expected to find funds for, and the traveling was generally speaking confined to those whom Nat's catechism taught him to regard as "better," so that Nat, with his small stock of money—he was never a good hand at holding when Polly was out of sight—left the station and took a long, circuitous, miles, but Nat would have walked seventy seven rather than miss seeing his Polly, with a singularly heavy heart he started off for Northamptonshire.

How he fared on the journey history has not told, but we can easily imagine little Nat's entry into Northampton, his white hair—like his clothes—discolored by much travel, his gait and general demeanor minus much of the usual vivacity

which showed itself invariably every twist and turn he took.

Thus wending his way, Nat arrived at Polly's home. Nat caught a glimpse of her. She was blooming and bright-eyed as ever.

"Polly," he cried.

"Nat!" she ejaculated.

Then there were various physiognomical contortions and sounds tremendous. When the embracing had subsided there were calls for explanations, but no explanation could give. Little Nat, of that day, and particularly of the kind who wrote Nat, forgot to leave their own signature on the end of their letters, and Nat could get no clue that way, so he was forced to admit to his chagrin, that he had been completely taken in. "How can you say, 'I'll have no more of this,' Polly, will you marry me?" he asked, turning to his sweetheart.

She, after such an exhibition of Nat's ignorance, but still can easily imagine little Nat's entry into Northampton, his white hair—like his clothes—discolored by much travel, his gait and general demeanor minus much of the usual vivacity

which showed itself invariably every twist and turn he took.

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The Song of Love.

[Some one who had recently listened to Miss Booth's address on her slim experience, announced as "Miss Booth in Rags, will Tell the Tale of a Broken Heart and Sing the Song of Love," wrote the following verses for the War Cry.]

TELL the tale of a broken heart, sing the song of love,
Not to the saints arrayed in white, filling the courts above;
But speak the Word to a weeping earth, solitary and alone,
Tell us about a mercy seat, a pure transparent throne.

Tell of a beautiful mercy seat—worshipped and adored,
Where cleansed penitents, free from sin, surround a merciful Lord.
A beautiful means of grace—a soul-redeeming Dove—
Gather us all—the broken hearts—sing us a song of love.

Sing to a broken heart to-night, bowed down with shame and grief;

Show it a perfect narrow way; give it a swift relief.
Sing to the aching hearts world-wide, wherever they may roam,
Sing them the song that angels sing in a bright eternal home.

A bright eternal home: a realm beyond the skies,
Where countless broken hearts shall gain an everlasting prize;
A pardoning precious Lamb, across the crystal sea —
To be forever with the Lord, throughout eternity.

Comfort the broken hearts, loosen the shackles of sin;
Ready to meet our Lord; ready to enter in.
Ready to bear the cross; ready to wear the crown;
Ready to take it to the throne; ready to cast it down.

Before the Lamb of God, the mended hearts shall stand,
Reaping the spirits harvest home, in a kingdom not of hands.
Won from a world below; won to a heaven above;
Won by the tale of a broken heart; won by a song of love.

(To be continued.)

Acknowledgements for London Rescue Home.

Month ending Dec. 1st, 1886.

A friend, 22; Mr. Gapper, 27; J. S. Williams, 26; R. K. Cowan, 56; Sheriff Cameron, 66; Mr. Hamilton, 66; J. S. Pearce, 26; C. Graham, 66; J. A. Anderson, 26; W. G. Ward, 56; Colonel McLean, 26; Mrs. Sherriff, 26; Mrs. Easott, 22; Mrs. Hartman, 26; S. Wright, 26; D. Smith, 26; A. friend, 56; Mrs. Beecher, 22; Mrs. French, 26; Mrs. Easott, 26; Mrs. Strang, 26; Mrs. Mease, Gauson & Jones, 26; Mr. Smith, 26; Mrs. Phillips, 26; Mr. S. Green, 26; Mrs. G. Anderson, 26; Mr. W. Green, 26; Mrs. King's Daughters, groove, chickens, cake, etc., also infants' clothing; Mrs. Keen, parcel of clothing, toys, coat and child's dress; Mrs. Beattie, parcel of clothing; Mr. McKenzie, soap; A friend, Strathearn, 26; Mrs. Phillips, 26; Mrs. Phillips, 26; Mrs. John, 26; Mr. Fish; Mr. Brock, 26; Mr. Orr, 26; Mr. Hinchliffe, 26; Mr. Day, vegetables; Hinchliffe, 26; Mrs. Day, vegetables; A friend, bread; Chancey Smith, quinines; Walter Thompson, buns; Mr. McCormick, bread; Mr. Perrin, biscuits; Market friends, vegetables weekly; George Marshall, tea; T. B. Easott, tea; A. M. Smith, tea; Mrs. Hutchinson, cocoa.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A faith-filled life is full.
A true man's lips are oracles.
This hour is tied to all other hours.
Only great eyes can see a great life.
When God sends word, He sends word.

He mounts thrones who bends his knees.

The Christian gymnasium is the world's used.

Knock down another's doubts and they drag you own with them.

NEW WHATCOME.—Two more souls in the Fountain, and though under the influence of drink claimed salvation. We have a spiritual awakening here, and the Juniors had the first chance at the table. We are hoping to say good-bye to our old hall for a brighter and more central one. Whoever has visited New Whatcome will know what this will mean. Look out for the opening report. Our J. S. are going to take a great part in it.—Arthur Sheard, Capt.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ

will visit the following places on the undermentioned dates:

Montreal, Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues., Jan. 14, 15, 16 and 17. (Opening of new Women's Shelter.)
St. Albans, Vt., Thurs., Jan. 19.
Burlington, Vt., Fri., Jan. 20.
Barre, Vt., Sat., Sun. and Mon., Jan. 21, 22, 23.
St. Johnsbury, Vt., Tues., Jan. 24.
Newport, Vt., Wed., Jan. 25.

C. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Goldwater, Jan. 6; Uxbridge, Jan. 7; Fenlon Falls, 9, 10; Kinmount, Jan. 11; Norland, Jan. 12; Cobcocon, Jan. 13; Lindsay, Jan. 14, 15.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Wheatley, Jan. 6; Leamington, Jan. 7, 8; Kingsville, Jan. 9; Amherstburg, Jan. 10; Essex, Jan. 11, 12; Windsor, Jan. 13, 14, 15; Staples, Jan. 16; Tilbury, Jan. 17.

ENSIGN PERRY.—Ashurst, Jan. 7; Rockville, Jan. 9; Moncton, Jan. 10.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.—Nelson, B. C., Jan. 6, 7, 8; Kaslo, Jan. 9; London, Jan. 10; Revelstoke, Jan. 11, 12; Kamloops, Jan. 14, 15.

Bro. W. Stevens, Riverside	20
Cadet Edwards, Lippincott	20
Cadet Smith, Lippincott	20
Capt. J. A. Viberman, Brooklyn	20
Mrs. Howard, Collingwood	20
Sergeant Newson, Barbadoes	20
Sister Simpson, Yorkville	20
Capt. E. Barrack, Oshawa	20
Lieut. Young, Oakville	20
Mrs. Beall, St. Catharines	20

Gleanings

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Sympathy.

With sincere sympathy for our faithful Brother Adj't James Adams of the Toronto Dragoons we hear of the death of his brother, William Adams, who died on August 20th, of diphtheria, in the Klondike, but word of his decease was only received recently. William Adams was formerly in the 11th Hussars, Nelson, B. C., and last July he April 1st, crossed the goldfields, where he met so unexpected a death. He was well-known to many Salvationists.

Our Quarterly Letter.

The second of the Light Brigade's own paper have recently been issued by the Financial Department. We note that the total raised in the G. B. M. boxes for the quarter ending September, amounts to \$1,000,000, which is double that of the preceding quarter. The highest amounts returned from any one corps are the following: Glens Bay, C. B., \$1150; Winnipeg, Man., \$1075; Moose Jaw, \$2157; Charlottetown, P. E. I., \$21.

For Nine Years.

"As my yearly subscription expires on the 21st Inst. I again send you my money for another year. I think this is the third year I have sent it to the War Cry; this will show you that I am not tired of the paper, but I love it more than ever. May God bless you all at Headquarters.—John M. New Haven."

Big Time at Woodstock, N.B.

On account of the early date we went to press with the Christmas War Cry, the following telegram from Adj't. Magee came too late to be published before this: "Great success manifested during the visit of Brigadier General Sir George Major Hay presented at public gathering. Touching reference was made by the chairman to the Field Commissioner's stout experience. Many, many citizens, officers and friends invite Miss Bow to visit Woodstock.—Adj't. Magee."

Salvationists Win a Saloon-Keeper

Calls Them into His Saloon, and the Crowd Joins in the Songs and the Amen.

TRENTON, Dec. 8.—A Salvation Army band last night marched down Broad St. When they reached Mulryne's Casino, a policeman stopped them. Major Hay, the proprietor, however, the disturbance, went outside and offered his hand. The Salvationists eagerly accepted the invitation, and filed into the crowded saloon.

They mounted the platform and began to sing. A number of those in the band joined in the songs. While the demure Salvation Army lasses sang, men bawled their heads off.

All the War Crys offered were sold, some paid \$5 a paper. Nearly \$50 was realized in this fashion.

In concluding the exercises the Army men and women on bended knees prayed for the salvation and prosperity of Proprietor Mulryne and all present. Mulryne made every man in the place stand with uncovered and bowed head, and at the end of the service was uttered in which all heartily joined.

As the Salvationists filed out of the saloon, Mr. Mulryne said his place was at their disposal any time, and the Captain of the band said they would be glad to return. Some superintendents of saloons followed the Salvationists to their armor and promised to lead a better life.—From the N. Y. World.

Yesterday is yours no longer, to-morrow may be never yours; but to-day is yours, the living present yours, and in the living present you may stretch forward to the things that are before.—F. W. Farrar.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

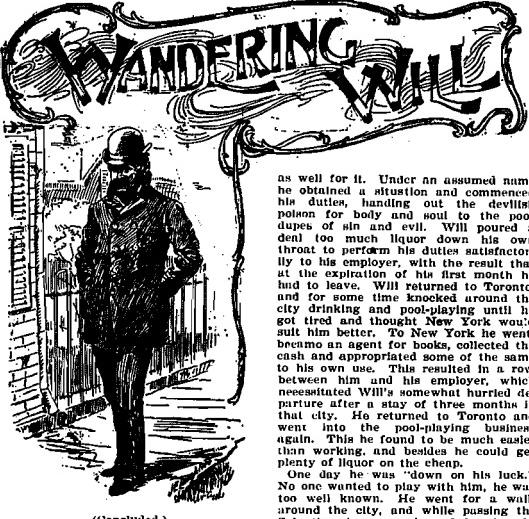
To those who think of travelling

to the

OLD COUNTRY,

we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets to the Old Country, and passage thither, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to MACS SAWYER,

A Temple, Toronto.



(Concluded.)

CHAPTER V.

After Will's midnight arrest he was taken to Lindsay, brought before the magistrate charged with stealing, found guilty, and sentenced to six months hard labor. He was now hardened and reckless, and thought he might just as well be in jail as out. But three months soon rolled by; Will was once more free, though branded a criminal.

One day he was "down on his luck."

Now he had no place to which he was too well known.

He went for a walk around the city, and while passing the Salvation Army wood yard he thought he would go in and have a look round, and see what they were doing. Then, out of the wood yard to the Captain, and asked if he would give him a job, never expecting for an instant that the Captain would take his request seriously.

However, the officer's heart was filled with pity when he saw this young fellow's condition, he gave him ten cents, wrote a letter, and sent him over to see the writer.

In conversation the story of a sin-sick heart was revealed, and being spoken to about his soul's condition, and the imminent danger in which he was, brought him to a sense of his sins, and he knew a way of quitting the past and getting away from his old associates and the haunts of sin which he frequented, he would long to live a new life. That day Will was sent to the Social Farm and if ever a man made up his mind to leave a real man left. Will did. He did his best to please the officers and worked real hard.

After two months, during which time the Spirit of God strove hard with him, and the godly lives of the officers had much to do in his conversion, he, mind,

Will, one night, went to the penitent form, cried for mercy, and got converted.

Of course the devil did not let him alone. He harassed and tempted and tried Will very sorely, and then, in a fit of despair, Will took a gun and left the farm, but a few days later re-applied for admission, and was taken again. This occurred three times, so strong was the temptation that swept in upon the poor fellow. The last time he came back to the farm he went to the penitent form in the soldiers' meeting, evidently was properly converted, for he has been doing well ever since.

Will's testimony to day is: Thank God for His love and mercy. I am today loving and serving him, and mean to do so until I die.

The last time I saw him it was a wet and stormy afternoon, therefore it was quite a relief to step into the cosy farm kitchen, where Will was doing his duty, and rejoicing in victory over the devil.

He said to me, "I am a sinner. The same God who forgave poor Wandering Will, and blotted out his many sins, will forgive you if you will seek Him. If you ARE converted, what are you doing to save such as the subject of this story?

[THE END.]

THE TWO WAYS.

John Murker, an original Scotch preacher of Bantin, had a favorite sermon upon Job xiv. 10, "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" This is the division:

I.

A good man goes where he desires to go. A good man goes where he labored hard to go. A good man goes where he did not intend to go.

A good man goes where he will be for

ever.

CHAPTER VI.

Upon his recovery from the accident, Will considered that he had stayed long enough in that town. As the bar-room of a hotel had a peculiar fascination for him, he thought that if he could obtain a situation as barman, he would have both the fun and the beer, and be paid

MISSING

First Insertion.

226. ROBERT BAILY, or ROBERT BAILY CRAIG. Left Lucknow, Ont., about 17 years ago, last heard of in Marquette, Wis., U. S. A. Worked at blacksmithing, may have gone to North Carolina, or Winnipeg.

227. JOHN OLIVER. Age 50, about 5 ft. 8 in. Was captain of a sailing vessel. Last heard of in Toronto. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

228. ARTHUR A. LEAKER. Last heard of in 1885, when his address was care Mrs. Maynard, 762 Palace St., Montreal. Was working as a manager for a Mr. Gurd, of a firm of Brewers of Hop Ale and Stone GINGER Beer Co. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

229. GEORGE HERBERT MORRIS. Last heard of in Winnipeg nine months ago. Address was 322abella Street. Father inxiously inquires.

230. JAMES McCAGH. About 5 ft. 8 in. in height, blue eyes, grey beard and stout. Was a Salvation Soldier. Last heard of in 1887. Was then employed by Ward King & Sons, Grange, St. Foundry, Montreal. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

231. JAMES JOHN NEWLAND. Age 25, brown hair, hazel eyes. Last heard of 12 months ago in Portage la Prairie. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

232. JOHN PRICE. About 5 ft. 8 in. In height, dark hair, blue eyes, (possibly grey), blue eyes, fair complexion. Last heard of in Toronto in 1887, where he was a wholesale and retail butcher. Any information thankfully received. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

233. GEORGE STACEY. Last heard of in April, 1897. Occupation: farmer; height, about 5 ft. 5 in.; fair moustache; age about 27; born in England. Mother living anxiously. Address Enquiry, Toronto, or Mrs. Nellie Stacey, Fullerton, Ont., On.

234. LEWIS SHATTOCK. Age 37, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair and eyes, stammering badly. Last known address was Donna Lake, Canada. Previous to this he was working in Michigan, on the Duluth and South Shore Atlantic Railroad. A lath binder, by trade. Mother inquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

235. WILLIAM SMITH. Age 45, dark red hair, blue eyes. Last heard of 27 years ago. Last heard of four years ago. Address was Daniel William Smith, 59 Mile House, Clinton, B. C. Parents anxious to hear. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

236. WALTER TASKER. Age 31, height 5 ft. 6 in., brown hair and eyes, fair complexion, has a peculiar rocking motion when walking. Last heard of in April, 1897. His address was there was Grove, Gillard, County, Arizona. His mother inquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

237. MRS. WILHELM FIELD. Last heard of in 1887, when she was in Vaux Cottage, Merion Road, Toronto. Mother inquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

238. HENRY JOHN WILLIAMS. He is a widower with family, about 35 years of age, fair, thick set, blue eyes, 5 ft. 6 in. in height. Address in October, 1886, was 100 King St., Toronto. Supposed to have been in mining work in Toronto. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

239. GEORGE SWINNEY WARD. Left London, Bristol, England, about the year 1880. When last heard of was living in the vicinity of Orillia, Ont. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

240. JABEZ WILLIAM COLE. Was at one time in the navy. Supposed to be in New South Wales. Has not been heard from for four years.

241. WILLIAM ALBERT BEATY. Last heard of ten years ago in San Francisco. Age 55, tall, dark complexion, brown eyes. Formerly of Lisburn, Ireland. Any one knowing his whereabouts address Eliza Cole, or Mrs. Jennie Hunter, 15 Clinton Street, Toronto.

242. JOHN BOLISTER. Age 26, height 5 ft. 6 in., fair hair and complexion, blue eyes. Last known address was D. M. N. Kengle, Nerepis Station, Kings County, posed to have been in mission work in Quebec.

243. ALBERT JOHN WINDYTANK, or STEPHEN. Left England in 1886, last heard of in Toronto five years ago. Supposed to have been a Salvation Soldier. Age about 50, height 5 ft. 1. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

244. MRS. ANNIE FISHER. Wife of Edward Fisher. Last heard of about a year ago, at 137 Eastern Ave., Toronto. Any information address Enquiry, Toronto.

Second Insertion.

2220. BOSTON, THOMAS. Age about 22, last address, c.o. Mr. Wm. Stewart, Welland P. O., Ont. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

2221. BURRY MRS. (nee McEvoy). Came to Canada in 1870. Had two daughters, Mary and Martha. Last known to be living in New London, Ont. Friends enquiring. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

2222. BIRNNETT, JAMES. Age about 80. Wheelwright by trade; in business for himself. May be dead. Friends in England seek information. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

2223. CAMPBELL, JAMES ANDERSON. Age 23, height 5 ft. 7 in., fair hair, light blue eyes, scar under left jaw from abscess, scar on back of right hand. Was in Kingston three years ago, then went into business of Sharpe's Laces. Mother anxious. Address Mrs. Peter Clark, c.o. Mr. John Reeves, King St., Kingston, Ont., or Enquiry, Toronto.

2224. COUGH, THOMAS. Supposed to be or have been a Police Commissioner in Canada. Present whereabouts unknown. Send message to him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

2225. HUBBERT, HENRY. Age 23, height 5 ft. 2 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, last address (three years ago) e.o. Mr. Keans, St. Armand Station, Montreal, Que. Was a farm laborer, emigrated from England. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

2226. HUGHES, ARTHUR. Age about 23. Was cook at the Lighthouse, Montreal. Last known address 281 Victoria St., Toronto, and was then working on C. P. R. dining car. Mother very sick and anxious to hear from him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

2227. JONES MRS. MARY or POLLY. Companion dark. Last address 39 Centre Ave., Toronto. Not heard of since 1892. Friends in England anxious for information. Husband a printer and had very bad health. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

2228. KRUAGARE (see Bessie) MRS. Rose. Height 4 ft. 8 in., weight 5 ft. 5 in., brown hair, dark eyes. Left England for Canada 11 years ago and has not been heard of since. Her husband was a baker by trade.

2229. LARK, WALTER. Age about 31, height 5 ft. 6 in., light hair, fair complexion. Once lived in Ottawa. Father anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

2230. LITTLE, PETER. Last heard of at Minot, N. D. Height 5 ft. 6 in., fair complexion, troubled with asthma, blacksmith by trade. Brother anxious to hear from him. Address George Thomas Little, Petrol P. O., Manitoba, Attawapiskat, Ont.

2231. MCGULLOCH, JOHN. Age 61. Native of Co. Antrim, Ireland. Height 5 ft. 6 in., dark complexion. Left Ireland for New York 40 years ago. Was heard from 30 years ago, in Upper Canada. Gardener by profession. Brother James enquires. Address Enquiry, Ontario.

2232. MCGUINNIS, JOE and JAMES. Supposed to be in North Dakota. Brothers wish to hear from them. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

2233. MORRIS, SAMUEL ROBERT JOHN. Age 41. Left England 25 years ago for Galt, Ontario. Last heard of from his mother. Mother's address. Address Mrs. Archer, Milton, Ont., New Zealand, or Enquiry, Toronto.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING:-

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS ?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES ?
PROPERTY DEEDS ?
MORTGAGES ?
INSURANCES, OR
LEGACIES ?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR:-

CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES ?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service his knowledge and experience of a competent officer.

Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major-General Lang, A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

LOANS ! LOANS ! LOANS !
A PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST
A would do well to write to Territorial Head-quarters for information. We can offer most reliable investments for large and small sums. Full particulars can be had from Max Hazzard, Corner Jones and Albert Streets, Toronto.



Let Us All Sing.

Turn to the Lord.

Tune.—Turn to the Lord (B.J. 77).

Hark! the Gospel news is sounding,
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free.
Now, poor sinner, come to Him who died
for thee.

On escape to yonder mountain,
Refuge find in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the Fountain,
Come and wash your sins away;
Do not tarry, come to Jesus while you may.

Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish, all may live, for Christ
has died.

Christ alone shall be our portion,
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love;
All His fulness we shall then forever
prove.

A Favorite.

7 The night was dark and stormy and
the wind was howling wild,
When an aged mother gazed upon the
portrait of her child;
She gazed on the baby features that had
filled her heart with joy,
He was now o'er the wild world roaming,
the mother long-lout boy.

Chorus.

Your mother still prays for you, Jack,
In the home far away o'er the ocean,
your mother still prays for you.

Far away from home and mother, far
away in a foreign land,
Some comrades said, "Come along, Jack,
let's go, there's the Army band."
It was a rough old barracks, where the
meeting had just begun,
But something stirred the wild Jack's heart,
as sweetly the soldiers sang.

Wonderful Love.

Tune.—M.S. IX. 12.

Jesus came down my ransom to be.
One was wonderful love;
For out of the Father's heart He
came.

To die for me on a cross of shame,
To set me free He took the blame,
Oh, it was wonderful love!

Chorus.

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love,
Coming to me from heaven above,
Filling me, thrilling me through and
through.

Oh, it was wonderful love!

Clear to faith's vision, the Cross reveals
Beautiful actions of love;
And all that by grace e'en I may be
When saved to serve Christ eternally;

He came, He died for you and me,

Oh, it was wonderful love!

His death's a chain, His love has a plea,
Oh, it was wonderful love!
Ungrateful was I to slight Thy call,
But, Lord, now I come, before Thee fall;

I give myself, I give up all;

All for Thy wonderful love.

Salvation.

Tunes.—How will you do? (B.J. 174):
Oh, how He loves (B.J. 55).

5 When you come to Jordan's flood,

How will you do?

You who come to Jordan's flood,

How will you do?

Death will be a solemn day!

When the soul is forced away,

It will be too late to pray,

How will you do?

You who laugh, and scorn, and sneer,

How will you do?

When in Jordan you appear,

How will you do?

Can you then your terrors brave,

Say you have no soul to save,

When you sink beneath the grave?

How will you do?

You who have no more than form,

How will you do?

Can you brave the awful storm?

How will you do?

When the waves of death assualt

Every reed and prop will fail,

Form will be of no avail—

How will you do?

You who have been turned aside—

How will you do?

Whither will you flee to hide?

How will you do?

Conscience will in terror rise,

And the worm that never dies,

When you sink no more to rise—

How will you do?

2nd Chorus.

Your mother's last prayer was for you, Jack,
your mother's last prayer was for you,

She wants her lad that's roaming to meet
her on the streets of gold.

8 Come in, dear Jesus, oh, come in,
And dwell within my soul,
And grant me now my heart's desire,
Oh, make me fully whole.

Solo.

Tune.—The Judgment Day (B.J. 65).

Ah, come and lead me to the fount
Of Jesus' precious Blood,
That I may be filled with all
The fullness of our God.

Come in, dear Jesus, oh, come in,
My heart with love now fill;
And bring me in the days go by
To do Thy blessed will.

My all upon Thy altar, Lord,
At this moment leave;
And in this moment of grace,
I'll trust and follow Thee.

Sergt. May Lang, Peterboro.

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